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MAY.

BY MILES CHRISTIAN.

The soft, warm wind o'er the fresh May flowers,
Up from the south is sighing.
The birds through the scented, sun-kissed air,
With bursts of song are flying.
The scarlet stain on the blackbird's wing,
Bright through the leaves is glancing.
The sparkling waves on the river's breast,
Fast in the sun are dancing.
The mocking thrush from the sunny field,
His merry song is singing.
With the music of the bobolinks,
The air is sweetly ringing.
The laurel flowers through their glistening leaves,
In pink and white are gleaming,
With beauty, life and smiling joy,
The favored earth is teeming.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE RED HAND OF FATE.

A proud, scornful beauty—and youthful as beautiful.

Above the middle height, slenderly proportioned, but all the lines of her form flowing and graceful, swan-necked, and with a majestic bearing of the head, she paced her boudoir with a step and mien imperial.

Her complexion was as clear as ivory, and of the same hue. Her features were regular, and Grecian in their shape and attributes. They possessed an unearthly sweetness of expression, which made a beholder's flesh creep even as he admired it, and if he thought that in perfect loveliness she was the counterpart of an angel, he had also an uneasy conviction that the Paradise from which she had emanated must be embosomed in Hades.

Her eyes formed the principal feature in her remarkable countenance. They were large, and in their softness closely resembled the exquisite intense brown orbs of the gazelle; in their fury, when flashing and coruscating, it would not be pleasant to surmise what they might be compared with.

Now, as she paced to and fro, her mind concentrated upon a scheme which seemed to absorb all her mental faculties, she looked, as she sailed across the room, furnished with all the appliances of luxury and art, a creature full of dazzling attractions certainly, but at the same time one who was quite as much to be feared as loved.

Twice or thrice she suspended her pacings, held her breath, and bent her ear to catch some anxiously expected sound; but it did not come.

"His reply should, at least, have been here by this time," she muttered, impatiently. A crimson flush sprang abruptly into her face, crimsoning forehead and throat. "He will not, he dare not hesitate or discuss with himself the advantages of my proposition!" she grated between her teeth.

She flung herself on to a lounge, and pressed her temples with her hot hands.

"What a fool I have been!" she soliloquized. "What a headstrong fool to scatter consequences to the winds only to gratify a passing wilfulness. If my cold-blooded father had not so imperiously thwarted me; if she—my mother—instead of being a selfish woman of the world had reared me as if I were her child, it had never happened. Well, it is done, and the evil must be obliterated. It is a desperate plan, but it must be carried through if I would save myself from sinking into a wretched nobody. It is enough to force me into madness to think I should have so tied myself to a poverty stricken creature, because of his noble looks, a school girl frenzied with what I thought, idiot that I must have been, a pure, undying love. What a horrible awakening I have had. What an awful summons back to the hard facts of life. To awaken, too, to learn that the vain, shallow pretender, Harcourt, whose pretentions to me I laughed at with scorn, should have become sole legatee to so noble a property, the heir of a relative whom he never saw, perhaps scarce ever heard of; that *I* should receive the information, too, through so strange and mysterious a channel, should have become mistress of it before him, and should have him hooked through gills and eyes in my net just as he has become possessed of wealth enough to sate the wildest dreams of my ambition, and yet fate——"

Rat, tat!

Those sounds so well known in every household—a peal which may be the harbinger of good or evil in a thousand ways—rang through the house and disturbed her reverie. Those two sharp reverberations struck her on the brain and heart as if they were violent electric shocks. She became whiter than Parian marble, and looked as though she were going to faint. She rose up, almost staggered to the door, opened it an inch or so, and listened through the crevice.

Suddenly and quickly she closed it again, returned to the lounge, and reclined upon it. For an instant she pressed her tightened closed hands upon her heart, as if to stop its irrepressible beatings; and then, as she heard the handle of the door move, she composed her features to an expression of listless languor, as though upon her mind there was no heavier perplexity than which of two gorgeous toilettes she should appear in at the Countess of Gradelere's coming garden party.

She heard no footstep, but she raised her long black lashes to behold standing before her a waiting-maid, bearing a silver salver with a letter lying upon it.

The anxiously expected, coveted letter.

Still she barely glanced at it, though for an instant her eyes raced scrutinizingly over her maid's face, as if in search for some information she expected it to reveal.

But her maid was as practised an adept as she at making her features conceal what was passing in her mind. She was older than her mistress, but still youthful. She had sharp features, set in an oval face, and the complexion of a brunette, but she was what is termed good looking. Indeed, she was the idol of a long footman in the house, who had large whiskers but very reproachable legs, who brimmed over with mellifluous sentiment, and evinced a strong disposition to be considered a good young man, only to make her think him a hopeless pump.

She had been in her present service over three years as confidential maid, and not being too scrupulous, made herself mistress of and kept the secrets of her young lady; too many, indeed, for her to be at any time summarily dismissed, too many for her to be frowned down when she felt disposed to be familiar, too many to be told she presumed when she did presume.

There was a peculiar smirk on her face as she entered the room.

"A letter for you, Miss Lao," she said, with a slight fluttering of the eyelids as she regarded her attentively, and apparently was not deceived when she was told, with a listless yawn, to put the note down—anywhere.

The girl shook her head.

"You've been expecting this, I know, miss," she rejoined in an undertone, "so when I heard the postman's knock, I went to the letter-box instantly, and whipped it out without letting a soul see it but myself. See, it has the Pall Mall post-mark. You know who it is from, and you don't want everybody to know that you received it. Do you now?"

And she laughed.

There was a slightly perceptible wince on the part of her mistress, but she did not think it discreet to betray annoyance, or even to make a remark in response. She stretched out her hand quietly—without evincing, in fact, the slightest trace of eagerness—and opening the envelope slowly, read the contents of the enclosure without betraying emotion of any kind. When she had concluded, she replaced it within the envelope, and said, in an even tone:

"You may go, Lavender. There is nothing in that to excite your curiosity, easily as it is aroused, and you may allay your inquisitiveness by taking away with you that dark blue serge morning dress of mine for which you have been spelling so directly the last few days, though you will look a positive fright in it."

"Oh, thank ye, miss," replied the girl, with brightening eyes. "I won't vex you with another word about the letter, nor say a syllable to any one else."

This last emphasized sentence eliciting no response, the maid proceeded, humming a tune, to an adjoining chamber, and reappeared with the gift, which she thus lost no time in securing, across her arm. She moved trippingly along the room, and had her hand upon the lock, when her young mistress suddenly raised her hand to arrest her.

"One moment, Lavender," she said, in a soft and emotionless tone. "I think it likely I may go out for a short time after dusk. I do not wish it to be known that I have left my room. If my papa should ask for me, or send for me, remember that I am in my chamber with a distracting headache, and cannot on any account be seen, or even disturbed. Do not forget, Lavender, that I do not wish it to be known—if I go out—that I have been out—to any one in the world—the universe. If you keep that knowledge to yourself closely—closely as death—it will be to your advantage immensely—and very soon."

"They shall tear me to pieces with wild horses before I tell a word—of what you know I know," responded the girl, with seemingly sincere enthusiasm, as she glided from the room, adding, when outside, "unless I was offered a lot more money to blow upon her, and then one must take care of one's self, you know. She would herself. I wouldn't trust her a hinch—not a hinch."

Five minutes' apparent insensibility to everything around her, so still she might have been in a trance, divested of every tinge of color, as though her veins had been drained of her blood, Lao remained plunged in thought. Then she arose from her recumbent position, and reperused the note she had received, and as she concluded it, her features seemed to become rigid, and to compress, while out of her eyes there seemed to dart a curious lurid fire.

"It must be done," she murmured. "There is no other way. It is impossible to go back now. No consideration withhold my self-sacrifice then—every consideration urges me not to falter or become faint-hearted now. He cannot help himself, he must consent, for he is a mere beggar."

The shades of night had already fallen when, muffled in the ample folds of a dark traveling mantle, she stood upon the steps of the entrance to a building in an inn or lawyer's quarter, situated in a retired place, though adjacent to busy thoroughfares. She paused to see if she had been followed or watched, and after shrinking in the shadow of the open doorway, and peering cautiously, but anxiously, towards the entrance gate, apparently satisfied, she glided up a dark staircase to a third flight, and applying a key with which she was provided to a door painted black, she turned it noiselessly, opened it, glided over the threshold, closed it softly behind her, and entered the room without permitting the rustle of her dress to be heard.

Before her, seated at a table, abstracted in the pursuit of a chemical analysis, sat a young man, pale, with a handsome, aristocratic cast of countenance, full of high intelligence. His surroundings showed that he was a student, and chemistry his science.

She stood motionless, watching him. But presently he raised his eyes and beheld her.

At first he regarded her as though she were an apparition, and an expression of awe passed over his features; then a flush gleamed from his eyes, and he sprang to his feet with outstretched arms.

"Lao," he cried, with a joyous, delighted tone, "my Lao, at last! At last, my darling—at last you have ventured to see me! My beautiful, my own beloved treasure!"

He twined his arms about her, and, before she could prevent him, he kissed her over and over again with passionate fervor.

A shudder ran through her frame, a half-smothered cry, and she almost wrested herself from his embrace, and recoiled from him to a chair, on which she sank as if for a moment prostrated; but, almost immediately, she rose to her feet again, and confronted him, but in her colorless face there was no trace of the ardent love which animated and flushed his.

He did not disguise the feeling of bitterness and disappointment with which this icy reception smote him, and a highly-refined and sensitive organization evidently forced him to recoil from her, too.

"Lao," he exclaimed, in stern, resentful tones, "what is the meaning of this strange repulse? Have I offended you? In what? Impossible! I have written to you several times lately, always in terms of loving tenderness, and you have replied only with a cold, indifferent brevity. It is I who should be offended, yet—yet only to see you here again, I forget all the angry thoughts your chill words, our forced separation, have raised in my breast—forget everything but that mine eyes are again gladdened with your dear face, my heart by your living, beloved, nay, my own Lao, your adored presence."

Again he would have twined his arms fondly about her graceful form, but she shrank from his touch, and, even with a haughty gesture, repulsed him.

"No more of that folly, Clare," she exclaimed, in those icy tones which most acutely sting a sensitive nature, "and cease your rhapsodies. I have sought this interview with you to address myself to hard matters of fact, not to fooling—to examine the position in which we are placed, to divest it of its flimsy sentiment, and to adopt a prompt and decided line of action with reference to our future."

He gazed at her with a quick, questioning, searching look; but in her composed features he could gather nothing to give him a clue to the decision which it seemed to him she had already formed.

"Be it so," he answered, with a gloomy impatience and a heavy sigh. "I am weary of my present position—sick at heart of everything, even of life itself."

"Sick of life!" she repeated, with a sudden eagerness, as if it gave her an idea which had not before occurred to her.

"Yes," he rejoined, with some surprise. "Why not? I have been chained to this place—my present life—like a galley slave to an oar; and but for occasional glimpses of you, and of our boy, Lao—our Vivian, my Lao—I should be the most unhappy wretch breathing. Ah! our Vivian is growing such a beautiful, noble-looking little fellow. Why, its an age since you have seen him. It is not so late. What if I were to fetch——"

"Not for worlds!" she interposed, with vehement impetuosity.

"What do you mean, Lao?" he exclaimed, roused to anger. "Do you forget that you are speaking of our child—your own boy, Lao?"

"Forget—forget! No! How should I?" she rejoined, excitedly. "Forget—ha! Oh, that there were within reach a draught of the waters of Lethe! I would drain the goblet to the last drop. Forget! If I could—if I could only forget!"

"You are in an unnatural state of excitement, Lao," he rejoined, regarding her with unrestrained wonder. "There is something unnatural, nay, terrible, in this treatment of your own child."

"If you would not slay me with these repeated stabs of your tongue," she interrupted, passionately, "speak to me no more of that detestable creature!"

A passionate ejaculation escaped his lips, and she waved her hands wildly to him.

"I hate—I abhor him!" she continued, madly. "I never wish to see him, or hear of him again."

"Lao," he cried, angrily, "explain yourself! Those words are an outrage on him—a fearful insult to me. To yourself it is——"

"What I deserve," she retorted, swiftly and fiercely. "Fool! He is a living reproach to my insane recklessness. Yet I do not expect to err and go unpunished. Nor must you. You know that when you first met me I was a wilful, spoiled child, hungering after an admiration as a woman, which was insipid as bestowed upon the mere girl. You caught, and for the time enchanted my capricious fancy. I fascinated you. I tried my utmost to do so—I do not disguise it. We confessed to each other our mutual passion; we enveloped ourselves in an atmosphere of romance. Fatal facilities to meet in secret, a more fatal opportunity offered for us to link our fates together in the manacles of marriage. I listened only to the urgings of my passion, but I was then wholly ignorant of, rather than blind to the consequences of my act. You could not have been. You know your poverty. I did not. I knew nothing of the sources whence the vulgar means of living came. I thought that to have a fortune was a matter of course, and that after we had deceived our parents by our secret marriage, we had but to disclose it, and we should live in a world of sunshine, gaiety, and happiness. You knew differently, and you, not having a home to take me to, pressed the necessity of secrecy on me, and I was romantically delighted to preserve it. Ere long I awoke to the fearful nature of the necessity entailed on me, and how I fought with, and for the time trampled over my horrible secret, I alone know. Let it suffice that I saw the justice of the punishment my frantic imprudence entailed upon me, and I endured it without a murmur. I have borne it in silence and uncomplainingly. You know that."

"And I?" he gasped.

"You—you," she iterated, scornfully, "you—you hurried me into the quagmire. What have you done to extricate me from it? You have sat here moping and plodding over your chemical researches. You had not, as a minor, an income sufficient to support yourself. Since you have attained your majority your friends will do nothing for you, and you do not obtain more from your devotion to science than a paltry stipend to keep yourself!"

"And my boy!" he exclaimed, sternly.

She waved her hand.

"Keep him and yourself alone henceforth," she said, drawing herself up to her full height. "For me, I ask nothing from you, will accept nothing from you but one fa—no, not a favor, a right."

He looked straight into her glittering eyes as if he divined her meaning.

"And that right?" he repeated slowly, in a questioning tone.

"Forgetfulness," she answered, with a slow, deliberate emphasis.

"Explain!" he said, laconically.

"Forgetfulness of me. Forget that I live, that I have lived, that I may continue to live," she returned, with a firm determination; "that we ever met, and for the time to come let me be a creature to you unknown."

"No, indeed," he returned, with a trembling of his lips in response, and with an expression of firm resolution. "You have awakened me to a sense of the meanness of the position I have assumed. I will make a home for you at once, and such as it may be you shall share it with me. I will assert my right to you, claim you from your father, and bring you beneath the same roof that shelters me and our boy ere another sun has set—aye, in defiance of all opposition, for the law will compel you to live with me."

She smiled scornfully.

"You know my wilfulness," she rejoined; "my obstinacy, my immovable resolution. You may claim me, betray, expose me—for I have been guilty of a constant succession of falsehoods to keep up the systematic deceit in which I have lived, and into which you led me—but, rather than you should force me to quit my father's roof to share the palace you would be likely to provide for me, I would let out my life with so small an instrument as this, and die with a curse upon you for the blight with which you have destroyed my young life."

As she spoke, she lifted off a small marble slab upon the table by which she stood a lancet which was lying upon it.

"Put that down, Lao," he almost shrieked; "put it down! Its point is envenomed with the deadliest of poisons. A touch, a puncture of the skin, will produce instant paralysis of the limbs, and unless immediate and active measures are employed—such antidotes as are not easily within reach—death will surely follow in less than an hour. Put it down, in the name of heaven. You have a life between your finger and thumb."

She replaced it slowly on the slab, and raised her eyelashes rather than her lids from their downcast position, so that she could furtively see him where he was standing, and from whence he went on to speak to her in bitterness, in sorrow, yet in tenderness, striving to make her see the wickedness of her suggestion, trying to prevail upon her to accept the comparatively humble situation in which they were placed, and dare the worst by sharing a home he would make for her, not grand, but at least comfortable. He pictured her rising with him into fame and opulence, as in sanguine terms he foreshadowed he would, and winning happiness yet in store for them by an honorable and legitimate application of his intellectual powers.

She scarcely appeared to hear a word he uttered. Her large, intense brown eyes were fixed on vacancy, her brows were slightly contracted, her lips compressed, and her complexion appeared to have in its reflects and half-tints something of the pearly gray yet fiery hue of the opal.

She suffered him to speak until he had exhausted his theme, and when he ceased she looked at her watch.

"I have exceeded my time," she remarked, in a singularly indifferent and composed way. "I will think over what you have so eloquently preached, and write you. Perhaps you are right, after all. We might be happy in a nutshell. At least, I am weary of my present life, and *must* change it! Good night."

She turned her eyes on his. His were suffused with glistening moisture.

"Oh, Lao," he exclaimed, with quivering lip, "if you would only believe how dearly I love you—that I would make the world a paradise for you if I had the power!"

As he spoke, he approached her and wound his arm about her form, and she did not again resist him. Nay, she placed her arms, it seemed affectionately, on his shoulders, then twined them about his neck, leaned her forehead upon his breast, and made a slight pressure with one of her hands.

He uttered a little cry of pain.

"You have scratched my neck, Lao," he muttered, with a little laugh. "Ah, panther, you have claws within your silken, glove-like hands, after all. Great heaven! I—— What is this?"

Then she abruptly wrenched herself from his arms, and with a quick movement cast upon the table the lancet, of which she had a second time possessed herself, and darted to the door as with a sense of horror she heard a heavy fall upon the ground.

She dashed out of the room, and closing the door tightly behind her, fled down the stairs to the basement, and there clung to the lower rail for support, feeling as if she herself were dying.

No one was near—there was not a sound in any direction. She held her breath and listened. Still not a sound of any kind.

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Suddenly she started, and felt as if she would instantly become stone, when the form of a man sprang as it were from behind a tree and confronted her.

She pressed her hands to her throat; she gnawed her finger-tips.

"I must be certain! I must know that I am safe from all discovery," she muttered, gutturally.

She crawled by an irresistible impulse up the stairs again with a stealthy step, reopened the room door noiselessly, and peered into the dimly lighted, awfully silent room. Stretched on the floor, lay her husband, motionless.

With a crawling vibration on her scalp, with a stinging of her eyelids, as if they were violently inflamed, she moved to the table, took up the little lancet, bent over him, and laid it upon the ground close to his outstretched hand.

"They will say he did it himself," she faltered, with a suffocating sensation in her throat.

She tottered to the door, and looked back. She uttered a half-suppressed shriek, for his eyes were wide open, and were staring at her.

Yet there appeared on them the filmy glaze of death, and she closed the door behind her and raced down the stairs, maddened, dazed by her emotions.

All clear before her, out of the old, smoke-choked inn, into the busy streets, along thoroughfares—she knew not how, cared not, so that, as she succeeded in doing, she gained her chamber, and knew herself to be within it, quite alone, having quitted and returned to it unseen.

"Free!" she gasped, hoarsely; "free at last! Free—at last!—at last!—at last!"

As the last word died on her lips she sank on the ground in strong convulsions.

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Alone, locked, bolted in her apartment, deaf to all the importunities of her maid to be permitted to attend her, refusing refreshment and everything but acquiescence in being left to herself, Lao sought her bed and tried to force herself into a sleep—a dead, oblivious sleep—but in vain.

Those awful staring eyes glared at her from all parts of the room; the bed furniture, though closely drawn, would not shut them out, nor even her burning finger-tips pressed tightly down over her aching lids.

She tossed and rolled from side to side in acute mental agony, with a distraction such as at no time of her life, even in her worst paroxysms of ungovernable rage, she had experienced.

She tossed her tightly-closed hands in the air, and inveighed against herself, not, alas! as a criminal, but as a short-sighted fool. She reproached herself, not for her infatuation with her husband, but for having been weak enough to assent to a clandestine marriage with a gentleman pauper.

"If I had had only the prospects I have with Harcourt," she repeated again and again, "there would have been no necessity for that awful event. Necessity! I did not do it. Who says I—I *murdered* him?"

She sat up in bed and glared round her, only to confront a pair of bright, glaring eyes fastened sternly and sadly reproachful on her own.

With a cry of horror she cowered down beneath the bedclothes and tried to shut them out, murmuring, with an agonized vehemence:

"I did not do it! I did not do it! If—if—his—shade is hovering over me, he must know that he himself said he was sick of life; he must know that he put that thought, that dreadful thought, into my mind when he told me that I held in my hand a poisoned weapon that would let out life with a touch; but he must know, too, that when I held it in my fingers with a fell purpose—the instant my temples rested on his heart beat, leaping, throbbing, I relented; and at that instant he flung his neck back on the point. Oh, I did not do it! Insane as I have been, I am no murderess!"

For hours she wrestled thus with her terrible secret; but at length she remembered that she had a morphine preparation in a cabinet, which *he* whom she had left for dead had given her to produce calm and dreamless sleep.

She sprang from her bed, and with nervous, trembling fingers opened the casket and took out the bottle.

As she poured out a portion of its contents into a *liqueur* glass her hand shook, and she nearly filled the glass. As she held it up to the still burning gaslight, a pale-blue tinge passed over her complexion.

"What if I should take an overdose? He bade me be careful of the proportion to take," she muttered, with a shudder. Then, with knitted brows and set teeth, she muttered, "What matters! I must have forgetfulness for a time, at least; and if it be forever—well, we shall be on equal terms, for I shall have died by his hand. To your immortal soul, Clare; your innocent wife drinks to that, at least."

She drained the glass to the dregs, turned out the glaring light, groped her way to her couch, and folding the clothes tightly about her, she closed her eyelids firmly down.

"Now," she murmured, "for a sleep unbroken by a vision, or a sleep of death, I care not which!"

It was near midday when her chamber door was broken open, because no beating at and no screaming vociferations obtained any response from within. She was found lying upon her bed with limbs composed, motionless, like a sculptured recumbent saint upon a tomb. At first, with a dreadful shock to those who entered, it was thought she was dead. It was soon found that she was breathing gently and calmly. A physician was summoned, and after surveying her for a minute, his quick eye detected the little *liqueur* glass upon the small fancy table.

He took it up, and applied it to his nostrils.

"An overdose of morphine," he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders.

The room was cleared of all but Lao's mother and her maid, Lavender, and then he administered restoratives until her large eyelids opened slowly, and her deep, serpent-like eyes settled on him.

"Most reprehensible carelessness, Lao, to cause such a scene as this," remarked her rigid-featured, passionless-faced, fashionable mamma, with a slight jerk of her head, and in a tone which exhibited no feeling whatever.

Lao made no answer, but in a sort of vague way let her eyes wander from one to another. The physician advised Lao's mamma to retire, which she did, saying, in a hard, angered voice:

"No more of such folly, remember, Lao."

Lao spoke not until she had made herself mistress of the situation; then she said, slowly, and with cleverly-acted indifference:

"Only a headache, doctor. I wanted sleep: I was ignorant of the proper dose of the anodyne, and I took a little too much."

"A little more, Miss Talbot," responded the physician, with a wink of his eyelids, "and you would not only have settled your headache effectually, but you would nevermore have acquainted us with the error you made."

"Nevermore," she repeated, with a steadfast look into his eyes.

"Never, never," he responded, quickly. "You would long ere this have been in the land of shadows."

He felt that his tongue refused to say heaven. He was too fashionable a doctor to have suggested another place, and he supplied the medium.

"I shall remember," she observed, as if reflectively, as the physician left the room; "a little more."

A dreadful quarter of an hour with closed eyelids and tightly clasped hands, and then the fit of cold perspiration induced by tremendous mental agony passed away.

She opened her eyes abruptly, and beheld her maid, with folded arms, standing near to her, watching her closely, and evidently mentally occupied in finding a cause which led up to the overdose of morphine.

She sat upright in bed, and in a short, sharp tone, exclaimed:

"Help me to dress—I am well now."

Lavender's heart leaped to her mouth; but she at once displayed considerable alacrity, and very soon had her mistress attired. She was withal very fidgety, for Lao did not utter a word, and at last her curiosity got the better of her patience.

"Dear me, miss," she said, pretending to be deeply occupied, "whatever could have given you such a dreadful headache? Something must have dreadfully shocked you while you was out last, miss?"

Lao did not look at her, but answered, coldly and decidedly:

"I did not go out last night."

Lavender stopped short, her eyebrows slid up over her organ of wonder, her eyeballs expanded, and her lips took the shape and size of a fourpenny-piece.

"Not go out! Well, I never!" she at length ejaculated; "why, you know, miss, you asked me not to let any one know——"

"I changed my mind, and did not quit my chamber," she interposed, with stern peremptoriness.

Lavender felt as if she had her breathing wrenched from her, and ran a pin into her finger. Rather fortunately, for she was about to make a confession; but when the words were about to pop out she popped her bleeding finger into her mouth and stopped them.

She had watched her young mistress out, had followed her to Simmond's Inn, had seen her enter a doorway, and by-and-by emerge from it, as if pursued by a spectre. She lost sight of her, though she followed her home, but did not attend her in her chamber because she was not summoned.

"Something worth finding out," she thought, "and I'll find it out. Things can't last long as they're going on here, and I must make sure of as much as I can afore I chucks up Physick, our footman, for Gore, the butcher, who's going to have a shop of his own."

But although she thought this, and much more, she perceived, by the expression on the face of Lao that she would have to be silent and acquiescent to her dictation by look or word, and when, therefore, she completed her toilet, she found herself relegated to a country mansion some forty miles away belonging to Lao's father, without having a word to say.

"I shall be there myself in a day or two—it may be a few hours after you," exclaimed Lao, in a tone that forbade question, "and you must have my suite of rooms prepared. I am in need of quietude and fresh air, and I shall get both there. Don't lose a moment."

She saw that she did not lose a moment in placing a few things in a bag, and pale and ill as she appeared, and unfitted to go abroad, she accompanied Lavender to the station, and saw her start.

"There is something up," remarked the maid to herself, as she saw her mistress' pale face turned to the train as it moved out of the station.

"She is treacherous," mused Lao, as she watched the train depart. "I cannot discharge her for some time, but I must keep her out of the way until I hear—I know—I am sure that I—am—not suspected. Oh, heaven! what bounds one takes into the evil land after the first false step has been made over the border! No matter, I must go on now."

The next morning, in the broad daylight, though beneath the green and purple shadows of the noble old trees in Kensington Gardens, she paced slowly to and fro to keep an appointment she had made herself.

Suddenly she started, and felt as if she would instantly become stone, when the form of a man sprang as it were from behind a tree and confronted her.

She did not exactly know what appearance an officer of justice assumed, but she fancied this sudden apparition was one, and he had come to charge her with *murder!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOTHER.—It has been truly said that the first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

WHEN old people go back to their childhood, what things do they remember most? What do you remember about your mother that is gone? Not anything by which she was formally made known to the world, but some picture, some scene of tenderness, some fragrant sentiment which lingers in your imagination.

IT is one of the beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

IT is far better to be sometimes deceived than to be always suspicious.

FACETIÆ

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY—one l or two? z, s or c? able or ible? u in or u out?

WHY is the capital of Turkey like a whimsical patient? Because it's constant to no pill.

"SHINGLE WEDDINGS" are coming rapidly in style now, it is said. This novel wedding takes place when the "first born" is old enough to spank.

THE FINEST VIEW.—On his return from a tour down the Rhine last autumn our practical friend, Jones, was asked what he thought of the views, when he answered, "Well, of all the views I clapped my eyes on, the finest, to my taste, was the Vieux Cognac."

A CLERICAL "BULL."—An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse and thus addressed the congregation:—"My dear brethren let me tell you that I am now just half through my sermon; but, as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

THE BONNET OF FASHION.—The following inscription was recently found on an unclaimed bonnet-box at a railway-station:

"This box contains my very best bonnet;
So porter, I pray you, put nothing upon it—
It is made of a ribbon, a rose, and a feather,
With crimp, lace and velvet to hold them together."

AN INNOCENT BOY.—"Come here, sir!" said a parent to his son. "What is this complaint the schoolmaster has made against you?"

"It is just nothing at all. You see Jimmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it."

A WIFE to make you happy? Soft young man;
Dismiss that hope with all the speed you can;
The greatest happiness of married life
Is trying, not in vain, to please a wife.
Most men, content to try, and not succeed,
The will must render happy for the deed.
The lady's sighs, not smiles, requite her lord,
And love, like virtue, is its own reward.

TOO MUCH GRAMMAR.—Dr. F—— was the President of a Southern college, who professed to be very grammatical in the use of his language, and therefore expected his pupils to be likewise. Playing cards was forbidden on the premises; but, as is always the case, this law is often violated by the students without being detected. A number of freshmen collected together in one of the member's rooms, and were enjoying a good game of euchre, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" exclaimed one.

"Me!" was the laconic reply.

"Who's me?"

"Professor F."

"You lie! Ha, ha, ha! Professor F. wouldn't say, 'It's me;' he'd say, 'It is I, sir.'"

The old professor turned on his heel and went off, knowing they had him there.

OUR OWN SPHINX

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

CHARADES.

1.

What Hebrew king was unlike lilies clad?
What priest had sons who were so very bad?
Who stood between the living and the dying?
Who for her murdered children was found crying?
To what place was two hundred soldiers sent?
Who held up Moses' hands his strength spent?
With what men was a wicked king displeased,
When death an injured king appeased?
Where did a king and prophet strangely meet?
What woman sought an apostle to cheat?
What queen whose stores a Christian convent kept?
What king with his fathers finally slept?
What was the name of Abraham's only son?
Where did Jacob sleep with one day's journey done?
Who of the Christian churches in Crete was head?
Who touched the Ark and fell down dead?
Where did Amalik with Israel fight?
Where went three thousand men of might?
Who slew three thousand though lacking sight?
Now children look your Bibles through,
And find each name I had in view;
Arrange the initials all with care,
You'll find a text of scripture there.

2.

My whole is a bird;
My first is another;
An adverb my third;
And a vowel discover!

GAHMER.

LADIES' NAMES.

1. Four-fifths of an insect, and a cord.
2. A sale-room, and two-thirds of an article of apparel.
3. To spoil, a pronoun, and a vowel.
4. A consonant, a French affirmative, and two-thirds of melancholy.
5. The superlative of an adjective, and a pronoun.

E. A.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 44.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 38, Vol. 54

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

1.
B
CAT
RACER
BACCHUS
BOHEA
JUG
S

2.

"When Love becomes a tyrant, the soul's a slave." (Read from the letter W at the bottom to the left, then round.)

ENIGMA.—A Book.

KISSING THE CHILDREN.

BY J. P.

Kisses in the morning
Make the day seem bright,
Filling every corner
With a gleam of light;
And what happiness he misses,
Who, affection's impulse scorning,
Departs, and gives no kisses
To the children in the morning.
Many think it folly;
Many say it's bliss;
Very often depending
On whose lips you kiss!
But the truth I am confessing,
And I'd have you all take warning,
If you covet any blessing,
Kiss the children in the morning!
Kisses in the evening,
When the lights are low,
Set two hearts a-burning
With affection's glow.
And the angels swarm in numbers
Round the pillow they are pressing,
Who are wooed to peaceful slumbers
By a dear one's fond caressing.
Kisses in the morning
Are not out of place;
Kisses in the evening
Have a special grace;
And it seems to me that this is
For indulgence lawful reason;
Sweetest tulips—I mean kisses!
Ye are never out of season!

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 28, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH IN LIFE.

It was long past the hour of midnight, and the form of the little boy, upon whom two parents had built such fond, and dazzling, but worldly hopes, lay stretched upon the bed, white and cold—as white, as cold, as motionless, and as inanimate as a human figure cut in marble. Beside the bed, and so disposed that her eyes could rest upon the face of her lifeless son, sat the mother. She had not spoken, scarcely moved, since an hour before his spirit's departure. She had displayed no other emotion than she now displayed—a fixed, piercing look of utter, blank despair—a despair which saw no future, no hope in time, no hope in eternity! They had taken the child from her, and she had made no resistance, and had followed the form only with her eyes. They had closed his eyes, wiped the death-damps from his face, straightened out his limbs, robed him in a clean night-garment, and thus prepared him for the hands of the dresser of the dead. The mother had marked the whole proceedings, and had only moved to make signs, that she wished him deposited on the bed, with his face uncovered, and herself so disposed that her eyes could rest upon it. This had been done—the gas turned down to a dim, solemn light—and all had stealthily retired but two female watchers, who still remained with the living mother and dead boy, one on either side of the bed, and both silent. They would have tried to console the mother, but they knew that was beyond human power; and they were strictly following the doctor's advice, which was, not to mock her grief with any such vain attempt.

"Her case was very critical," he had told them; "and there may be two coffins at one funeral. She may recover from this shock with a flood of tears, and tears will be a favorable sign, she may be struck down with apoplexy; or she may lose her senses altogether, and become a raving maniac. I can do nothing for her now. Watch her carefully, and constantly; and if you see any unfavorable sign, call me at once."

This was the physician's parting advice; and with this knowledge of her critical situation, it will readily be perceived the hopeless mother was constantly watched, with feelings of painful anxiety, by those whose unpleasant duty it was to remain with her and the dead.

Mrs. Pinchbeck, as we have shown, was a woman of violent passions, very selfish, and possessing but few of the gentler qualities which render her sex so attractive. She had, as we have also stated before, been married three times; and, in every instance, had married from purely selfish motives. Her first husband soon left her a widow, with one child, which died young. Two children were the fruits of her second marriage, both of whom died under five years of age. Her marriage with Pinchbeck had resulted in one son—the cold corpse which now lay before her.

For nearly an hour from the time with which this chapter opens, Mrs. Pinchbeck remained motionless, in the self-same attitude we presented her to the reader. Then, with a sudden start, she burst into tears, bowed her head upon the bed, and wept for half an hour. This was the favorable sign mentioned by the physician; and the watchers were rejoiced that at last she had found a proper vent to her grief. Until she began to grow calm and composed, they said nothing to her; but on perceiving this happy termination to their fears, they began to offer expressions of sympathy. She listened to them quietly—but for some time made no reply. At length she said:

"This is indeed a heavy stroke of affliction, and heaven only knows what agonies I have already suffered."

"Indeed you have," replied one; "and we have been deeply pained to witness your sufferings. But bear up, Mrs. Pinchbeck, and strive not to let your grief again get the master! You are a professing Christian; and in this stroke, heavy as it is, you should see only the hand of Him who chasteneth, and endeavor to be resigned to His holy will!"

"He was my only son!" sobbed the mother: "and I have nothing left to love!"

"Say not so—think not so—you still have a kind, affectionate, and worthy husband," returned the other.

"Yes, I have a husband," rejoined Mrs. Pinchbeck, getting up and glancing quickly about the apartment; "a dear, devoted husband; where is he?"

There was a singularly wild, unnatural light in her eye, as she spoke, which was not noticed by the others, or they might have had some suspicion that all was not as it should be.

"He left the room, soon after the child breathed its last, in great distress of mind, and I think he is now below, in the back parlor," was the reply of one of the ladies. "If you desire it, I will call him—it will be a great relief to his mind to see you so much better, for we all have feared the worst."

"No! no! do not call him!" said Mrs. Pinchbeck, quickly. "I will go down to him; I would rather see him alone; there should be no third party present on an occasion like this."

She turned to the bed, and, bending over the corpse of her son, wept violently for some minutes. Then she dried her eyes; and going to a bureau, and unlocking one of the drawers, she took out something, which she hastily concealed in her bosom.

"Be kind enough to remain here," she said to the watchers; "I would be alone with my dear husband;" and as she spoke she quitted the apartment, and descended the stairs.

But we must precede her to the room below.

The grief of Deacon Pinchbeck, immediately succeeding the death of his child, displayed itself for some time in a violent way. He moaned, and groaned, and wrung his hands, and occasionally ejaculated:

"Oh, Lord, have mercy on me! Oh, Lord, have mercy on my soul! Oh, good Lord, restore my son to life again, as thou didst to them of old! Oh, how wretched I am! Oh, how miserable I am! No child to love—no son to succeed me! Oh! oh! oh!"

At last, he became in some degree composed; but the presence of strangers was not pleasant to his sight, so he retired to his back parlor, and throwing himself upon a sofa, gave way to some very bitter reflections.

For hours the deacon had rolled to and fro on his now thorny couch, striving in vain to lose some of his misery in the forgetfulness of sleep. At last, almost stupefied by the violence of his grief, a dim, half-conscious, drowsy feeling began to steal over him—his eyelids drooped and closed—and his mind began to wander and become filled with unnatural, hideous images, as in a nightmare dream. Suddenly the figure of the little orphan came floating along on a sea of blood, and, stopping in front of him, seemed to shoot rays of fire from her eyes, which, by some unaccountable process, began to burn into his very soul. With a cry of horror, he started up from his recumbent posture, stared wildly around, and, to his utter astonishment, beheld Mrs. Pinchbeck standing before him, and glaring upon him with a fiendish expression of concentrated, malignant hate and scorn.

"Why, my—my dear—ha-ha-have you recovered?" he stammered, not yet fully satisfied in his own mind whether he was addressing an airy phantom or a being of flesh and blood, and in either case, feeling he had sufficient cause for alarm.

To this question Mrs. Pinchbeck did not deign to reply, and the trembling deacon, not knowing better what to do, repeated it.

"Murderer!" she now rather hissed than said, without removing her glaring eyes from his.

"Wha-wha-what do you mean?" he gasped, sinking down upon the sofa.

"Murderer!" she repeated, in the same hissing tone.

"I—I—don't know what you—you mean—my—my—a—ah—love," he whined out, in tremulous, doleful accents.

"Shall I explain?" she demanded, in the same low, hissing voice of passion.

"If you please—that is—that is—confound the thing—I mean if you think best, my dear."

"Who let poor Nelson die? Answer me that," she said, fairly foaming with suppressed rage.

"He—he—died himself, poor child, Nelson did," answered Pinchbeck, cowering beneath the piercing glance of his conjugal partner, and groaning at the recollection of the awful death of his son.

"Do you not feel his death weighing down your guilty soul, Absalom Pinchbeck?" she demanded, advancing a single step toward her frightened husband.

"What did I do, my love?" he whined again, glancing quickly about him, and evidently preparing himself to beat a hasty retreat, in case the enemy should endeavor to come to close quarters.

"Do? you brute!" rejoined Mrs. Pinchbeck; "you did nothing—you let him die! Why did you not come when I sent for you?"

"Why, my angel—I—I had some business——"

"What business?" she interrupted.

"I can't—ex-ex-actly—say what!" stammered the deacon; "but it was some money business—with a—gentleman—that I—that I—a—ah—wanted to get through with—and did get through with, my love."

"And you could let Nelson die for a mere money transaction, you sordid wretch!" she cried, choking with anger. "Oh, how I hate you—despise you—loathe you, from my very soul!"

"I—I didn't think he was going to—die—or I should have attended to him at once," groaned Pinchbeck. "Don't go on so, my love—don't," he said, pleadingly. "Oh, if you only knew how miserable I am!"

"Miserable!" she repeated, with a withering sneer; "you miserable! I only wish you were; but you haven't soul enough to be miserable! Why did you go away, and remain away, till too late? Was that to complete a business transaction?"

"Why, my love, I just stepped out, for a minute or two, to see a gentleman, and it so happened that I was summoned to make up a coroner's jury, and couldn't get back," replied the deacon.

"I wish the jury had held an inquest on your loathsome body," rejoined the other, biting her lips, to keep her rage within bounds, "and that you never had come back alive!"

"It costs me an effort to thank you for your kindness," said the deacon, a little more boldly.

"I wish you were dead!" cried the other, fairly gnashing her teeth. "So long as Nelson lived, I managed to endure your hateful presence, but *now* I wish you were dead!"

"So that you could swell out on my money, and wheedle somebody else into the matrimonial noose, as you wheedled me, I suppose!" retorted the deacon, who began to feel his courage rise with his indignation. "I thought *you* were going to die," he continued, "and I knew if you did, I'd be rid of your tongue, to say nothing worse; but disagreeable people, it seems, have as many lives as a cat, and the Lord permitted patient Job to be very severely tried."

On hearing this, Mrs. Pinchbeck could hardly credit her senses; for the deacon, though a regular tyrant to those he could with impunity oppress, had almost invariably been meekly submissive to his termagant wife, even when kicks and cuffs had spiced her arguments, and it was not on record that, before the present moment, his voice had been heard in open rebellion but three times since the commencement of their honeymoon. It will, therefore, be a matter of no surprise to the reader that Mrs. Pinchbeck, being previously excited to a degree but little short of frenzy, should, on hearing this insulting rejoinder of her usually submissive lord, find herself actually choking with a rage that could not get vent through the ordinary channels. She clutched her throat with one hand, and her forehead and temples with the other, while the blood rushed up into her face, till it seemed to swell and grow black, and her small eyes shot fiery gleams of fiendish malice and implacable hate.

The deacon, seeing the awful storm of passion he had raised, began to grow alarmed for the consequences to himself. And there was really more cause for his alarm than he even now supposed; for Mrs. Pinchbeck, on going to the bureau upstairs, as already mentioned, had actually provided herself with a dagger, and had come down with the intention of taking his life, and her now excessively violent and overpowering rage, was the only thing that prevented her design being carried into instant execution.

The deacon, after looking at her for a moment, thought it best for him to beat a hasty retreat, and springing from his seat, he darted past her, and had just gained the door, when a strange, unearthly sound fell upon his ear, and caused him to look around. To his surprise—and we may add, alarm—he beheld his wife in the act of falling. Impulsively he sprung forward to catch her, but he was too late. She fell with a dull, heavy shock that shook the whole building, and then lay perfectly still and senseless, apparently dead, her face almost black, and her features horribly distorted.

One glance was enough to convince the now really terrified deacon that he could render her no assistance, and springing to the door, he tore it open, and shrieked for help.

The watchers came down in haste, and the moment their eyes rested on the senseless form of Mrs. Pinchbeck, one turned to the deacon, and said:

"This is what we have been told to fear. Oh, sir, if you would save her life, fly for Dr. Jennings! There is not a moment to be lost!"

The deacon, to his credit be it spoken, made all haste to summon the physician, but, what with one delay and another, it was nearly half an hour before the latter reached the side of Mrs. Pinchbeck. He found her stretched upon the bed, in the apartment above stairs, along side of the corpse of her son, whither she had been carried by the watchers. Hastening to her side, he seized her hand, and placed his fingers upon her pulse.

"Well, doctor?" exclaimed the excited deacon.

The physician shook his head gravely, and turning to the questioner, said, solemnly:

"My friend, may He who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' enable you to bear your heavy affliction with Christian fortitude. You are wifeless and childless."

"Surely, you do not mean, doctor——"

The deacon paused, and looked the question he could not utter.

"Yes," replied the other; "it is true; your wife is dead. As I feared, a sudden stroke of apoplexy has terminated her earthly existence!"

And the light of morning streamed in through the darkened windows, and seemed to rest mournfully upon the mortal remains of mother and son.

The guilty doer may escape the justice of human laws, but none ever did, and none ever will, escape the retributive justice of the eternal, unchangeable laws of God.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LOVERS.

It was a clear, mild, delightful day in the month of May, and earth had donned her green robe, and bright leaves waved in the soft, south breeze, and brighter flowers exhaled their perfume on the genial air. Among the flowers of her own little garden, herself the fairest flower among them, stood Rosalind Clendennan, motionless as a statue, her features pale and pensive, and her eyes resting upon the ground. It scarcely needed the long drawn sigh, which seemed to rise from the depths of her gentle spirit, to prove that her heart was not wholly at ease. While standing thus, she heard steps behind her, and starting from her reverie, she turned, and perceived her favorite domestic hastening toward her.

"Well, Kitty?" she exclaimed, quickly.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Rosa, I'm not the bearer of bad news," said the serving-girl, who remarked the expression of uneasiness on the countenance of her beloved mistress.

"I am glad to hear that, Kitty," replied Rosalind; "but I see you have something to communicate. Have you seen my father this morning?"

"Yes, Miss Rosa, and I bring you a message from him."

"Well, speak!"

"I was passing his door, a few minutes ago, when he called to me, and said: 'Tell Rosalind to hold herself in readiness to pay me a visit in exactly two hours.'"

"Did you inquire how he felt?"

"I did, but he shut the door, and wouldn't answer me."

"Alas!" sighed Rosalind, "I fear he is failing fast, for he appears every day to grow more strange and eccentric. I know his health is feeble; I know he needs kind care—such care as an affectionate daughter might bestow; but even me, his only child, he treats almost as a stranger. In his usual health, I could bear this, Kitty, as I have borne; but now, believing, as I do, that he is gradually failing—gradually wasting away—and going down, step by step, to the dark grave, it makes my heart very, very heavy;" and as she spoke, her blue eyes grew dim with tears that she strove in vain to repress.

"He has never seemed just the same since the loss of little Ellen," said Kitty. "I wish she could be found, for dear master's sake."

"Ay!" sighed Rosalind, "for his sake, her sake, and my own; but I fear it will never be."

"Have you tried the police, Miss Rosa?"

"No," replied Rosalind; "but perhaps I had better."

"*I* thought so in the first place," said Kitty, with the air of one who fancied her own opinion of considerable importance.

"I will first consult——"

Rosalind paused, and Kitty rejoined, with a sly look:

"If you mean Dr. Stanhope, you can

do so at once, for he is now in the drawing-room."

Instantly a warm glow suffused the lovely features of Rosalind, and stooping down, apparently to pluck a flower, she said, rather hastily:

"Kitty, why did you not tell me this at first?"

"Why, thinking of poor master put it out of my mind."

"Did he inquire for me, Kitty?"

"Why, who else could he want to see?" returned Kitty, very innocently, trying to get a glimpse of the face of Rosalind, who, just at that moment, was very intently occupied with a modest little flower at her feet.

"Perhaps he has some intelligence of Ellen," said Rosalind, keeping her face averted. "Run in, and say I will be with him presently."

Kitty hastened away, and Rosalind lingered not long in her little garden. She met the young physician with a pleasant "Good morning," and without any perceptible embarrassment, but her features were tinged with a glow that heightened their beauty.

"And how is your father this morning?" was the first kind inquiry of young Stanhope.

"Alas!" sighed Rosalind, "I do not know." And a shade of sorrow swept over her lovely countenance and left it pale as marble. "It is hard for an only child to be obliged to answer thus concerning a beloved father," she continued, sadly; "but I have not been permitted to see and speak to him for several days. I have just received a message that I must visit him in a couple of hours; but I know not whether I shall be received with affection or formality, as a child or as a stranger."

"His strange moods must be very trying to you, Rosalind," said Stanhope, with much feeling.

"No one knows how trying," returned Rosalind, a tear glistening in her eye. "I feel sometimes as if I could not have it so. Oh, Newton, if we could only find little Ellen! You get no news of her, I suppose?"

"None, Rosalind, none; and I fear it is vain to hope. I would that the mystery might be solved—though I no longer believe that the child herself is among the living."

"Oh, Newton, do not say this!" cried Rosalind.

"There is one who, notwithstanding his protestations of innocent ignorance, I still believe could tell something about her, if he would," rejoined Newton, compressing his lips; "for never in my life did I see a man exhibit so much seeming guilt as he did at the time of my making the bold accusation."

"You refer to Deacon Pinchbeck?"

"I do; and were it not that he has already undergone a punishment greater than man could inflict, I think, with your permission, I would, even now, venture to enter a complaint against him."

"But you are not certain that he is guilty, Newton."

"We are often not certain of the murderer till after his trial, Rosalind. But, as I have no proof, perhaps I had better let the matter rest; nor could I find it in my nature, without positive proof, to proceed against a man so crushed with grief and misfortune as he is at the present time. There was a rumor current yesterday that, by a sudden fall in stocks, he would lose, at the very least, fifty thousand dollars; and I learn this morning that he has taken to his bed, and is threatened with a brain fever."

"Poor man!" said Rosalind.

"Miserable wretch!" ejaculated Stanhope, bitterly. "He does not deserve pity, Rosalind, for he has wronged, when he could, every man that has ever been so unfortunate as to have dealings with him. Rosalind, what punishment is too great for the villain who rolls in wealth, and leaves the mother that bore him to die in the almshouse?"

"Good heavens! Newton, you do not mean to say——"

"Aye," interrupted the other, with a flush of honest indignation; "I do mean to say that the mother of Deacon Pinchbeck died in the almshouse, not ten days ago, whither she had been taken by Mr. Sheldon, who found her sick and destitute, and thus displayed more Christian charity toward her than her own son."

"And is it possible that he let her die there among strangers?"

"It is true she died there among strangers; but it is said that the *good* Deacon did not know of her being there till after her death. Yet what matters that? he left her to suffer in poverty, or she would never have been taken there."

"Of all wicked things," said Rosalind, "I know of none more wicked than that of a prosperous child neglecting an aged parent. Oh, would to heaven I had a mother to care for! or that my afflicted father would permit me to care for him!" She hastily brushed a tear from her eye, and continued: "But this Mr. Sheldon, Newton; you know he promised to make every effort to find Ellen."

"He says he has done so, but without getting the faintest clue to the mystery of her disappearance."

"Ah, poor child! poor child!" sighed Rosalind; "I shall never see her again, I fear. I almost regret that I did not apply to the police, at first. What think you, Newton; had we not better do so now?"

"It may be as well; we may be better satisfied that we have done right; though, I am sorry to say, I have not the least hope that she will be found. Ah, poor little thing! After passing through so much sorrow, what a pity that she should have been snatched away, just at the moment when a fortune had fallen, as it were, into her very grasp!"

"You think, then, this immense fortune would really have come into her possession?"

"I do, most assuredly. As I told you the other day, John De Carp Montague is dead; and I certainly believe your little friend, if living, to be the next rightful inheritress; for, from all you have told me, I am satisfied that she is the Ellen Norbury alluded to in the paper which was stolen from my father."

"And how many stand between her and your mother, Newton?" inquired Rosalind.

"None, now, Rosalind. Mrs. Pinchbeck did, but she is in her grave."

"Then, if Ellen be dead, this estate falls to your mother, Newton?"

"So I now believe; and to myself next, should I outlive her."

"It is certainly very noble on your part, Newton," said Rosalind, with a kind of proud animation, "to be so anxious for the discovery of this child, when you know that she will step between you and a princely fortune!"

"I trust," returned the other, with a manly glow, "that I let no sordid feelings sway me in this matter. That I should like to come into possession of this estate, it were false in me to deny; but I have looked into my heart, and I can honestly say that it would bound with pleasure to know Ellen Norbury lives. The fortune belongs to her, and it is but right that she should have it. So much for mere justice. But, as your dear friend, Rosalind, as one who would bring happiness to you and your afflicted father, it would afford me more joy than I can now express, could I be the means of placing her in your arms."

"Thanks, my noble friend—thanks!" said Rosalind, warmly, with a bright glow suffusing her beautiful features, and an expression of generous admiration beaming from her lustrous blue eyes.

For a moment the young physician looked at the fair being before him, and then his eyes slowly sunk to the ground, a deep crimson hue overspread his own manly features, and for a short time he seemed greatly embarrassed, like one who wished to make a communication, but was fearful it might be considered *mal a propos*.

Rosalind seemed intuitively to know his thoughts, for the warm glow instantly deepened into a conscious blush, and she turned her head away, as if attracted by some object which she did not see.

For a brief time there was a kind of embarrassing silence, and then the young man, with a glance at his lovely companion, ventured to speak.

"Rosalind," he said, and his voice was low and tremulous, and the name pronounced was followed by a short pause, during which he evidently sought to gather courage—"Rosalind, should I not be so fortunate as to restore this little girl to you—should it, in fact, be discovered that she is no longer among the living—in short, should I become possessed of this immense estate—may I, can I, dare I hope—that—that one who has long been my friend—the friend of my family—one whom I have so long esteemed—nay, *loved*—for the heart speaks now, and the truth must be told—may I hope, I say, that one fair being, whom I have long secretly but ardently loved—loved with a love that is true and holy, because untainted with a single feeling that an angel might not harbor in his sinless breast—may I venture to hope that this one lovely being, without whom earth would seem a desert, will share the fortune with me?"

Gradually, while Stanhope was speaking, the color forsook the face of the lovely listener, till it became as pale as marble; the soft eyes drooped; the lips quivered; the heart seemed to cease its motion; and, when his voice died away to silence, that silence remained unbroken by one who seemed rather an exquisite statue from the hand of a master sculptor, than a living, sentient being.

"Speak, dear Rosalind!" at length murmured Stanhope, gently taking her hand, and fairly trembling with emotions that each moment grew more rapturous with hope—"speak, dear Rosalind! but, oh, let not your tongue syllable words that will chill my heart with despair! Oh, may I still venture to hope on? to hope that you will one day be mine, come weal, come woe?"

"My father," murmured Rosalind; "I cannot leave him."

"Nor would I have you, dearest, for filial love and duty I hold to be sacred. But your father, dear Rosalind—do not let me alarm you—your father cannot long remain with you, and then——"

He paused and sighed.

"And then?" murmured Rosalind.

"You will be alone," he concluded, in a low, tremulous, solemn tone.

She raised her soft blue eyes to his, all swimming in tears, but beaming with love, and the next moment her head reclined against his manly breast, and she wept anew.

"Thank God!" fervently exclaimed Stanhope, as he stole an arm round her gentle form, and drew her closer to his noble heart and imprinted upon her sweet lips the seal of true and holy love; "thank God! my sweet flower, I am happy once more!"

And a single bright sunbeam, like the brilliant star of truth, found its way through the open window and parted curtains, and, resting upon her golden tresses, seemed to cast around her a halo of purity, peace and love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRUDENCE.

There are many men wise, many learned, but, when they come to business, they are of no more use than a sundial in a grave. But prudence comprises no cobweb learning. It is the nucleus of active philosophy. It teaches the study of all things whatever that are of solid use and benefit. If children were taught to practise its principles from their earliest years, they would, on arriving at the age of maturity, be more knowing and judicious than most men now usually are at seventy.

Prudence is the active faculty of directing actions morally good to their immediate ends. It has a double capacity or station in morality. It has a practical virtue. It is, also, an intellectual habit. The first has its seat in the will, the other in the mind. They are both solicitors in the same cause, and counsellors in the same action. One advises, the other prosecutes. One is the internal machinery—the wheels and chains; the other, the outward parts—the fingers and face—of the same clock.

The immediate end of prudence is happiness. The means are moral virtues. To speak of them all, or to name them rightly, is more than any one ever yet did. It would be as hard to do so as to number the stones in the remnants of the Druidic temples at Stonehenge.

Prudence may be likened to a calm and sedate matron, who, living in the world, respects every law by the observance of which her condition may be bettered. She takes care to make herself acquainted with them, that she may keep them, and enjoy the benefits that result from their observance. She undertakes a matter of business, and does not entangle herself in difficulties. She is never uncomfortable, always punctual, attentive to wants of to-day, to-morrow, and of years to come. She is never confused in thought about anything that she attempts to perform. She nowhere lays rash and stupid hands upon anything. She never disturbs what is proper, though she sets to rights all that is wrong. Her words and actions are fair and timely. She pursues pleasure, and does not lose herself in the giddy circle to her own disadvantage.

COTTON-EYED JOE.

BY VIOLET HASTINGS.

"'Don't you remember a long time ago,
I dreamed that I ran away with Cotton-eyed Joe?'"

"Dar, Miss Dolly, do stop dat singin'! What if de missus come in and hear you?"

Dolly lifted a laughing face from the flour barrel.

"Why did you teach me to sing it then? It's a pretty song!"

"Oh, it'll do for us darkies to sing; but what your mother say? Don't let folks hear you sing it, chile."

"There are no folks here now, Aunt Milly;" and the clear, merry voice went on again, filling the old kitchen with melody.

Dolly was in high spirits. Mamma had gone out and left the house to her and Aunt Milly, the old servant who had nursed her in her babyhood; and she had a whole afternoon before her, in which to exercise her dainty skill in making cakes for the Christmas that was approaching. Dolly's sleeves were rolled up above the elbow, disclosing the whitest, roundest arms, powdered with flour; she had a big apron on, and her hair was wound in a lustrous coil upon the top of her head.

"Aunt Milly," she said, presently, coming out of the closet with the flour, "please grate the nutmeg, while I weigh the sugar." And then her song went on again.

A tall, blue-eyed young man, who had been vainly trying to make himself heard at the front door, heard the voice and followed it.

"Oh, I'd have been married twelve months ago,
If it had not have been for Cotton-eyed Joe."

"Miss Dolly! Miss Dolly!" ejaculated Aunt Milly, in a loud whisper, wildly gesticulating toward the door.

Dolly turned her head, and saw the young man standing on the threshold.

"Oh, it's you, Cousin Joe!" she exclaimed, biting her pretty lips, while her cheeks reddened. "Walk into the sitting-room. Mamma has gone out; she will be back presently."

Joe stood still in the doorway, looking rather awkward.

"I just came by to bring you a letter," he said, searching his pocket.

"A letter? That was good of you, Joe."

Dolly was always glad to get a letter. Joe knew this, and blessed his lucky stars for the opportunity of bringing her this one.

"Oh, it's from Jennie Holcombe," she said looking at the address as he laid it on the table beside her. "I know, she wants me to go and spend Christmas at Thornville, but I don't think I will."

"I hope you won't," said Joe, eagerly. "We are to have a party at Uncle John's on Christmas eve, and Aunt Ellen told me to be sure and bring you over."

"Well, I don't know," said Dolly, coolly; "I may go to Jennie's after all."

Joe's countenance fell.

"If you don't go there, Dolly, will you go with me to Uncle John's?" he asked.

"Oh, perhaps so. I can't tell just yet."

Then she began beating eggs vigorously; and Joe said, "Good evening," and went away.

"Dar, Miss Dolly, what I tell you?' De young man catch you dat time."

"Who cares for Joe Phillips? He's always coming when he isn't wanted."

"Now, Miss Dolly, you didn't say dat, I 'spects, when he pulled you out ob de creek last summer, and fotch you home for dead. Whar would you a been now, if he hadn't found you?"

Dolly did go to Thornville to spend Christmas. Whether it was solely to gratify a love of contradiction and make Joe miserable, I cannot say, but it looked like it. As for Joe, he found no pleasure in his life when she was gone; and when the allotted fortnight of her visit had nearly expired, and her father had a rheumatic attack, which confined him to the house, and precluded all idea of his being able to go after Dolly for some time, Joe grew desperate. The weather had been execrable—the roads were in a state of slush, and everything looked dismal to Joe.

"I don't know how I am to get along without Dolly," lamented Mrs. Harris, one morning when Joe sat disconsolately by the fire, listening to the old man's recital of his rheumatic experience. "I've got more to do than I can attend to."

Joe brightened up.

"I'll go and bring her home, if you say so, Aunt Mary."

"I should be so thankful if you would, Joseph. But you can't take the carriage, for the roads are in such a dreadful condition. You would have to go horseback, and lead Dolly's pony for her to ride."

"I can do that very easily, for that short distance," answered Joe.

It was twenty miles; and in less than an hour he was off.

Dolly herself was getting homesick. She had danced, played and flirted, perhaps, with the Thornville beaux until she was tired.

"Miss Dolly seems to be weeping," said bluff, merry old Mr. Holcombe, one evening. "She's thinking about some sweetheart she's left behind her. Who is it Dolly? Come, tell me now?" And he took her two hands, and looked straight into her face, while he catechised her thus: "Is it Tom Benton, now? No! Phil Morris? Dick Allen? No! Who can it be?"

"*I* know," said Jennie, sagely. "It's Joe Phillips."

Dolly laughed merrily.

"Oh, 'Cotton-Eyed Joe!'" she cried. "Mr. Holcombe, *don't* you remember his great white eyes?"

"For shame, Dolly!" exclaimed Jennie. "He's your cousin, any way."

"No more than you are, Miss Jennie. His mother was papa's stepmother's daughter, that is all."

"Well, he is a worthy young man," said Mr. Holcombe. "*I* know *that* much, for he was a clerk in our house for two years; and he could be one of the firm any day he wished it."

That very evening Joe came to take Dolly home. She pouted a little, but was really too anxious to go, to refuse the chance. So they started home the next morning. Dolly was encumbered with parcels of various kinds.

"Here, Joe," she exclaimed, impatiently, tugging at a small bundle protruding from her satchel, "I wish you *could* take something in your pockets!"

"My pockets are at your service, Miss Dolly."

"Then take this—and don't lose those spools of silk!"

Joe crammed the things in his pocket, and they set out at a brisk canter over the now frozen road. Dolly's black imp of a pony was turbulent this morning, taking the bit in his teeth and curveting from side to side in a vicious way.

"Easy, Pompey," spoke Dolly, laying her hand on his mane. But Pompey tossed his head defiantly. "He wants a race, Joe," said she. "He'll beat Selim to the cross roads. See if he don't. Here goes!"

Away they went, Dolly's hair streaming like a cloud behind her, and Joe looking at her from behind. She reached the cross roads, checked Pompey's mad career, and waited for Joe to come up. As he did so, she noticed a thread hanging from his coat pocket, and she could scarcely repress a shout of laughter on discovering that it extended farther back along the road than she could see. A spool of silk had fallen from his pocket during their race, and the end of the thread being entangled with something else in the pocket, he was steadily winding it off as he rode along, leaving a line of unknown length behind him.

"I'll wait and see the *end* of it," said wicked Dolly, nearly smothering with laughter.

"What is the matter, Dolly?" said Joe, at last.

"Nothing. Tell me about the party at Uncle John's."

At this moment the dangling thread caught up a fallen bough in the road, jerked it against Selim's heels with a rustling noise, and, in a twinkling, he was tearing down the road, leaving his rider senseless upon the frozen ground. Dolly checked her pony with a frantic jerk, for he was about to follow Selim's lead, and uttered a choking cry as she saw Joe's white, still face.

The next moment she had sprang to the ground, and was kneeling beside him.

"Joe!" she cried. "Oh, Joe! dear Joe! you are dead! and *I* have killed you! Oh, my darling! my darling!"

She kissed the white brow; she clasped the limp hands in hers, and lifted the heavy head upon her bosom. The blood was trickling down his face from a wound on the temple. She had no doubt his skull was broken, and she wept in utter despair.

"Oh, Joe, Joe! you saved my life once, and I have killed you! I might have told you in time! I have killed you—and I loved you so!"

This last, best declaration seemed to bring Joe back to life. At any rate he opened his eyes feebly, and saw and felt her tears falling like rain upon his face.

"Darling, don't cry so," he whispered faintly.

And then the blue eyes closed again, and the deathly whiteness came back to his lips.

"You must not die, Joe!" cried Dolly, wildly. "Speak to me! look at me, Joe!"

He revived again presently, but he seemed too feeble to raise his head, and Dolly let it rest upon her knee, while she wiped the blood from his face.

"Are you killed, Joe?" she asked in a trembling voice, as he lay still, with closed eyes.

"No, Dolly, I think not, by a good deal. But I would have died, gladly, to hear those sweet words from your lips. Dearest, *do* you love me?"

"I don't know—if you are not hurt much, after all, I don't think I do," said Dolly, turning very red.

"Now, Dolly, you *do* love me, don't you? I shall die if you don't!"

Dolly inspected his wounded temple critically. "There,—you'll get well," she said coolly. "Pompey is starting off; I must catch him!"

She lifted his head from her knee, and he sat up, while she went to Pompey and took the bridle from under his feet. Mortification and chagrin brought the color back to Joe's face, and he attempted to rise to his feet. "No," said Dolly: "you are to be still, I tell you, till you are stronger. I see your horse down there at the stream. He stopped to drink, and got over his fright, I suppose. I will go after him—and if you will let me have your hat, I will bring you some water in it."

"You need not trouble yourself," answered Joe, sullenly.

"Now, Joe, you are angry with me!"

"Angry with *you*, Dolly? I would die for you, and you know it."

"I don't want you to die for me. Am I not trying my best to keep you alive?" she asked, with a saucy smile.

"Forgive my rudeness, Dolly."

But she had already picked up his hat, and started for the stream. She came back, leading Selim by the bridle, and bringing the water, of which she made Joe drink a little, and then bathed his face gently. The wound on the temple was found to be slight, and with the exception of a bruised arm, he had suffered but little injury besides. Dolly bound her handkerchief upon his head, and they resumed their journey.

"Dolly," said Joe, that evening, as he took her hand to say good-bye. "Will you answer me one question seriously?"

"Certainly, if I can."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"Then I wish I *had* been killed to-day."

"Why so?"

"Because I cannot live without you."

"You have told me that before."

"I shall go away to-morrow. I am only going to Thornville, but I wish it were a thousand miles instead. And I shall not come back, if I can help it, till you are somebody's wife."

"You have said *that* before, too; but you are here yet."

His face flushed darkly, as he met her reckless, laughing eyes.

"Good-bye Dolly," he said, gently, holding out his hand.

She gave him hers; he clasped it for a moment and was gone.

Two or three days later, she heard that he had gone to Thornville, and become a partner in the firm of Holcombe, Marsh & Co.

"He will come back in a few weeks," said foolish Dolly to herself. "Then I will say yes, perhaps. It was so tiresome to have him always around."

But somehow the days seemed dull after that. Dolly was quiet and sober. She no longer sang "Cotton-eyed Joe" in the kitchen, but had become quite a "proper" girl, Aunt Milly said.

And Joe did not come back either, but Jennie Holcombe came out for a visit in the summer, and she wore a locket with a picture in it, which Dolly was sure could be none other than Joe Phillips. And in the fall came a letter from Jennie, asking Dolly to come and be her bridesmaid at Christmas.

"Do not disappoint me," said the inevitable postscript to the letter; "for I am very sure I shall never become Mrs. Phillips without your help."

Dolly cried a long time in her own little room; but she resolved to go at last.

"Men are such conceited creatures," sighed she. "If I decline being at the wedding, Joe may think I *did* care for him."

"Why, Dolly, how pale you look!" cried Jennie, as she welcomed her friend with a girlish embrace, just a week before the wedding day. "Have you been sick?"

"No. I have been immolating myself on the altar of friendship—wearing myself to a shadow, getting ready for the coming event," Dolly answered, laughing.

"*He* is coming in this evening," said Jennie, after tea; and Dolly resolved to be the very same Dolly he had known in the old days.

She was sitting by the piano, carelessly playing with the keys, when Jennie drew her quickly to the window, saying:

"There comes my future lord and master, Mr. Harry Phillips. And there is *your* old flame, Joe Phillips, with him. He is to be groomsman—by your leave. What are you staring at?"

Dolly heard the ring at the door, and called back her failing senses.

"You never told me," she stammered—"are the gentlemen related?"

"Cousins, to be sure. I thought you knew. But here they are."

The gentlemen came in, and Jennie introduced her *fiance* to her friend. He looked like he might be Joe's twin brother. As for Joe, he looked better than she had ever seen him, as he came forward, with his old glad smile of greeting.

"Dolly," he said, "you are looking less rosy than you used to do."

"Thank you," said the saucy Dolly of old.

Jennie and Harry were married, and Dolly was going home. Joe came in to spend the evening before her departure. They stood for a moment alone in the parlor, when he was ready to take his leave.

"Dolly," he said, taking her hand, and looking down in her face.

"Well, Joe?"

"I thought I never would make a fool of myself again, but I am going to give you the chance to say 'No' once more. Will you marry me?"

"What for?"

"To get rid of me, I suppose."

"Ah, that sounds sensible enough! Yes."

"Dolly, you are jesting!"

But Dolly's little hand began to tremble in his, and Dolly began to cry like a timid child, and he took her in his arms then, and I think she got punished for all her naughty ways in the past, for he never let her go until she had said again and again;

"I *love* you, Joe."

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A LIBERAL coat of paint will preserve shingle roofs.

Use common salt to remove egg stains from silver spoons.

A BIT of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore rusty crape.

To cure earache, put a little black pepper in some cotton, saturate in sweet oil, and insert in the ear.

TO RESTORE THE COLOR OF IVORY.—Mix some prepared white chalk, a few drops of sweet oil, and sal volatile, into a paste; rub it on with wash leather; when dry, brush it off.

IT is authoritatively stated that a free use of asparagus will cure rheumatism and gout, the active principle of the plant having the effect of neutralizing the lithic acid in the system, which is the cause of inflammatory rheumatic ailments.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—Half a drachm sal ammoniac in an ounce of camphor water; to be taken a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated at intervals of five minutes if the pain be not relieved at once. This is believed to be the most effectual remedy ever discovered for this most painful malady.

OIL of vitrol in blacking promotes the shining and drying. It is not injurious in small quantities, still it is unnecessary. Blacking will always dry well if made with vinegar, and shine well, if sugar candy be substituted for sugar. The following is a good receipt for blacking without oil of vitrol: Ivory black, ground fine, four ounces; treacle, two ounces; vinegar, three-quarters of a pint; spermaceti oil, a teaspoonful. If the ingredients are of the best quality, this blacking will be found exceedingly good. Mix the oil with the blacking first, then add the treacle, and lastly the vinegar.

INVISIBLE WRITING.—The main objection most people have to sending communications on postal cards is that the writing is, of course, open to general perusal. A good way of avoiding this difficulty is to use sympathetic ink. A solution of ten grains hyposulphate of soda in sixteen tablespoonfuls of water is the simplest fluid for the purpose. Use a perfectly clean pen, and after writing go over the letters with a smooth paper cutter to remove all traces of the salt. Exposure to the heat of a bright coal fire turns the writing black.

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.—Some of our younger readers may like to try the experiment of making a hanging garden of sponge. It is a pretty novelty. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, hemp, grass and other seeds; then place it in a shallow dish, in which a little water is constantly kept, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture, the seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place, the sponge may be suspended by means of cords in the window where a little sunshine will enter. It will thus become a mass of green foliage, and should be refreshed with water daily so as to be kept moist.

THE following is the method of making a salt-box, which is said to far excel any refrigerator in the market for the perfect preservation of all manner of meats, milk, butter, eggs, etc: Get a box about two feet deep, and as long and wide as you desire. Make a skeleton to fit the inside of the box with sides, ends and partitions, but no top or bottom, and only eighteen inches in height, allowing about three inches at the sides. Put into the bottom of the box about three inches of good dry salt; on this bed rest your skeleton frame, and pack around with salt. Make a strong, tight cover, size of box, or a cover for each compartment, with raised edges; pack the cover with salt, and the box is ready for use. It will last a life time, and costs but a trifle.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THE finest champagnes come from the *pineau noir*, or black Burgundy grape, while the best sparkling hocks are made from the Riesling, and the commoner kinds chiefly from the Klebroth variety, the latter being a red grape.

A GAME of chess between Europe and New York, started in 1859 by correspondence, has just been concluded, after having been in progress for sixteen years. The contestants were Dr. Brenzinger, of Pfolzheim, in Baden (Germany), and F. A. Brenzinger, of New York. The latter won the game.

THE total length of the railways in the United States is nearly 75,000 miles, or over three times the circumference of the earth. It would occupy a passenger five months' time, traveling night and day continuously, at an average speed of twenty miles an hour, to go once over all our railways. At the average speed of the fastest ocean steamers it would require over eight months' time.

IT is claimed that the tomato was first grown in this country at Portland, Me., in 1816, from seeds brought from Cuba, which were called golden or love-apple seeds, and which were planted with the expectation that a nice flowering plant would be the result. From this place seeds found their way to Haverhill, Mass., where the discovery was made that "the tomato was good for salad when cut up and dressed like a cucumber."

HOW TO BUY PROFITABLE PIGS.—A man who was noted for always having pigs which fattened easily, gave the following as the secret of his success: "I always choose good-natured pigs. Those that, when they eat, are constantly running from one trough to another, and knocking their snouts against the next pig, I sell to my neighbors, who don't know better than to buy such troublesome animals, while my contented pigs get fat." This is only putting into useful practice the old proverb: "Laugh and grow fat."

THE breakage of glass is to be a difficult thing in future. On the authority of Dr. C. W. Siemens, the electrician, we learn that a French gentleman farmer, of an experimenting turn of mind, has discovered that when glass is heated to redness, then cooled and annealed in oil, it is rendered wonderfully tough and irrefrangible. Dr. Siemens' brother, a glass-maker in Dresden, is said to pronounce the process as "certain and unquestionable." We may, therefore, look forward to quite a revolution in the manufacture of glass.

HOW TO EAT AN ORANGE.—Always, on a Southern gentleman's table, the dessert of oranges is furnished with small silver fruit knives and spoons. The orange is held in the napkin, just as you hold an egg, and with the slender point of the knife a circular incision is carefully made in the stem-end of the orange and the stem-core is nicely cut out, leaving an orifice large enough to admit an egg-spoon. The orange is held, and eaten then, just as gourmands eat an egg, in its own shell, and the skill and grace with which this is done, that is, without soiling the fingers or napkin, are, as in the same process with the egg, a test of good breeding.

A TELEGRAM from Constantinople announces the opening of the Pera and Galatea underground railway. The station is situated between the Koumrou and Sevoud streets, and that of Pera, which is not yet completed, in the Rue Nadir. The tunnel is ventilated by two shafts, one of which is 80 feet in depth, and the other 55 feet. The railway is worked by a fixed engine, the carriages being hauled by a rope at the rate of 11½ miles per hour; the trains are run at intervals of five minutes. The difference of level between the two stations is about 200 feet, so that the average gradient is about 1 to 10. It is estimated that the number of passengers carried daily will be 30,000.

A TEST FOR EGGS.—Among the minor troubles of city life is the difficulty of procuring a regular supply of fresh eggs. When we cannot remove our woes, the next best thing is to try to understand them. So we devote this paragraph to what will interest all out of hearing of the cheerful sounds of the barnyard. An egg is generally called fresh when it has been laid only one or two days in summer, and two to six days in winter. The shell being porous, the water in the interior evaporates, and leaves a cavity of greater or less extent. The yolk of the egg sinks, too, as may be easily seen by holding it towards a candle or the sun, and when shaken, a slight shock is felt if the egg is not fresh. To determine the precise age of eggs, dissolve about four ounces of common salt in a quart of pure water, and then immerse the egg. If it is one day old, it will descend to the bottom of the vessel; but if three days, it will float in the liquid. If more than five days old, it will come to the surface, and project above it in proportion to its increased age.

A GERMAN paper of Berlin says that the German Government has ordered of the firm of Krupp a gun of 35 centimetres calibre, which, when completed, will be the heaviest rifled gun in the world. The heaviest of the German coast guns is at present the 30½ centimetre coil gun, one specimen only of which has been made. According to the preliminary trials carried out with it on the shooting ground attached to the Krupp factory, it is far superior in its effects upon the iron plating of ships to the best of the English cannon. The 30½ centimetre gun weighs 36,600 kilogrammes, and fires a steel-tipped cast shell of 295 kilogrammes with a charge of 60 kilogrammes of prismatic powder, while the new 35 centimetre gun will weigh about 54,700 kilogrammes, and fire a projectile of 400 kilogrammes with a charge of 90 kilogrammes of prismatic powder. The 30½ centimetre gun has made a clean hole through ten-inch plates with a strong wooden backing at a distance of 1,000 metres, and it is expected that the 35 centimetre gun will produce the same effect at a distance of 1,700 metres.

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PHILADELPHIA
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CHARACTER.

Character is an eminently personal thing. What a man is in his individual merits and virtues, and not what men judge him to be by his public manifestations, constitutes his character. Men are not what they seem always; hence society may accord less or more to a man's character than his actual merits warrant. As a rule, persons are passed in community at their true social, intellectual, and moral worth; yet there are manifest exceptions to the rule. Men not unfrequently act with apparent virtue or magnanimity when neither of these sentiments form an element of their real character. So with the converse of this proposition. There are those who have an exterior bearing in the world which would seem to conceal their virtues; are so constituted as to be better than they appear.

But all genuine character has its basis in sterling virtue. Whatever elements enter its composition, it is essentially defective without this. Nothing can compensate for the want of moral principle in a man or woman. Virtue is the very jewel of character—that which perfects and crowns it. Habits of love, piety, and truth; habits of false-hood, passion, or goodness, mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of an angel, or the image of a demon! He is but a poor workman who hopes to build the temple of character on any other foundation than that of moral excellence.

Character is largely determined by one's associations in life. There is no little force in the trite utterance that "a man's character is known by the company he keeps."

Persons generally reflect the spirit, and express in their characters the wisdom or folly, the virtues or vices, of their associates. As all associations of this nature are purely voluntary, every person indicates his taste for intellectual culture, social refinement, or moral improvement, or the contrary, by the characters of those he selects as his companions. Worse than no society at all, infinitely worse, is that of the vulgar and the vicious. Patent to any reflecting mind is the assertion that

"'Tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes."

The importance of a good character cannot be over estimated. Its bearing on individual happiness, not to speak of its influence on the well-being of others, is utterly inappreciable. The Book of all books declares that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and all experience but confirms the truth of the declaration. Riches are but temporary, as is the good they impart. Fame won, save in the cause of virtue, has no substantial basis. Power wields its sceptre but for a day. But a *good name* is a joy, a crown, an inheritance forever! It can never die, because virtue is imperishable. Would we have a character yielding us the highest possible enjoyment in life, and such as shall live as an element of beauty and power after we are dead? Let us, then, build on virtue and goodness, and our fortunes will be made for both worlds—for this life, and that which is to come.

HIGH AIMS.—True courage and self-control are the needs of to-day. Of students who begin with high aims, how many, year after year, fail to fulfil them—not from want of ability or opportunity, but from want of resolution! The poet Cowper was once consulted by his friend Mr. Unwin about some man's character. "All I know," he wrote, "about him is this, that I saw him once clap his two hands upon a rail, meaning to leap over it; but he did not think the attempt a safe one, and so took them off again." This story typifies the career of not a few who promised something. Whatsoever you do, keep your hand upon the rail, even if you fail to clear it at the first leap, or, at all events, only remove it in order to try a humbler height. You are often exhorted to aim high that you may secure a lower mark—"Who aimeth at the sky shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

COLD, MY DARLING.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Cold, my darling, lie the shadows,
Out upon the snow-robed lea,
And the wind with mournful cadence,
Sweeps in grandeur from the sea.
Cold, so cold, the darkening shadows,
Where the wreaths of Autumn lay,
And the tender, blue-eyed violet,
Sweetly breathed its life away.

Cold, my darling, cold and quiet,
Silent is the birdlet's thrill,
Nature shows no sign of gladness—
Even the robin's voice is still.
Trust me, darling! though the shadows
Deepen on life's stormy sea,
In the future, days of brightness
Wait, my love, for you and me.

Joy! the glorious dawn is breaking,
Roses blossom in the skies,
And the coming days reflected,
In the splendor of your eyes.
Cold, my darling! never, never!
Love's sweet flower, that blooms for you
Through life's dreams of joy, may perish,
I shall never prove untrue.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER EIGHT.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

She was such a *mite* of a thing! It almost seemed I could hide her under my cloak, and carry her off if I wished, and nobody be the wiser. But she was eight years old, and old for years but eight.

She was sitting on the curbstone opposite a marble mansion, watching the children who made their way over a flower-strown carpet stretched from carriage to doorway, and up a staircase, broad and bright, disappearing at its top, and giving place to others.

It was a children's party that made the mansion merry. There were little women in dresses fit only for their mothers—dresses of silk and lace and jewels, and there were lads who were forty, solid, years of experience (in their own esteem), and there were sly hand claspings and brief little words of love passed, as *they* passed up the steps and out of sight to arrange ruffles and ribbons and all the small etceteras necessary to the proper carrying on of an evening's campaign.

And the child on the curbstone—the slender, pale-faced girl whom nobody missed at home, and nobody cared for abroad—the child whom an ill-wind of destiny had cast upon a barren shore—sat, still as a statue, watching carriage after carriage as it came and went, watching the crowd of happy faces, and listening to the music already begun in the parlors, linened for the occasion; and if her young heart reflected the light of happy faces, even for a moment, her sad eyes gave no sign.

It was a spring night, but the wind blew sharp and chill, and occasional flakes of snow fell softly out of space, and clung, as if in pity, to the child's soft hair, and lay quietly for a moment on her clasped hands, content to fade away there and perish if they must.

What was she thinking—there in the gaslight, with the crowd surging past her, and all the music in her soul? Had she memories of home, and the cheer that should abide there, whether it be high or low? If so, they brought no joy to her pinched face, no glad light to her blue eyes, no frail little phantom of a smile to her lips that might have been starved for kisses as for bread.

A half-drunken man, staggering past, paused, just long enough to say:

"B-b-better go home, little un. You—you might ketch cold, you know—an' your mother wants you, I reckon."

Then he was gone again, on and on with the night, perhaps to some patient, loving, faithful heart that pitied and forgave him—perhaps to be picked up by the police an hour later, and hurried to the *awfulness* of the station house, only to be "sent up" in the morning for the customary "ten days."

But he had a pure place in his heart *somewhere*, and it had been kept for the children through, it may be, years of sin and shame. Perhaps he had children of his own, children that clung round his neck and knees, if he was quite himself, or who fled from him in shivering dread when "the drink was in." Or, it may be, that somewhere under the snow, was sleeping that night some little fair-haired child, whose pillow had been his bosom in the days not far aback.

However it may have been, he had passed on into the deeper night; and still the music came from the house across the way; the steps of the dancers could not be heard, but the moving, gliding figures could be seen through the French plate and the curtains of lace, and the child on the curbstone looked and listened, and was heedless of all things else in all the strange, strange world.

After a while she arose wearily, crossed the street, and climbed the marble steps. The carriages had ceased coming, and the dance was at its gayest. How happy they were in there! She could hear their merriment so plainly. She could hear low voices just inside the door, and a delicious odor of flowers reached her from—*somewhere*.

Ah! if she could die just then and there!

That was what she was thinking—and she was only eight years old.

A soft voice startled her. She had drawn her thin shawl close about her head, had buried her face in the two ragged ends of it and in her hands that were thin, too, and blue, and not wanted for any loving use by any one, and she had not heard the door open behind her, nor seen the figure in simple black that had well nigh stumbled over her in the sudden shadow of the outer world.

"What are you doing here, my child?"

The voice was so low and sweet, and it had said, "*My child!*"

The wee, soft face lifted itself, but the wee lips could not answer just then, and the lady knelt on the marble and laid her hand tenderly on the small one that had fluttered from the shawl.

There are volumes often told in just one touch of a human hand.

"Are you listening to the music?"

The small head bowed a little, but there came no word for answer.

"You sit here alone, and in the dark and cold, because the music is so sweet? But you must not—you will die here—freeze, you know. There!"—putting some scrip into the baby hand—for it seemed little more than that—and rising as if to go—"run home now, that's a good child."

"I haven't *got* any home! And, oh, *mayn't* I stay here—just a little while? I'll not do any harm. *Don't* send me away."

"But you'll *freeze*, child," answered the lady, who was used to all sorts of plaints from all sorts of people, but whose heart was like a mother's toward the children, always. "But——"

"I don't care if I do," moaned the girl. "Take this back," holding up the scrip, "but *do* let me stay. *Please* do."

The lady turned her face away suddenly, and, in the gas gleam full upon it, you might have seen the shining of a tear. She stood a moment, seemingly irresolute, then,

"Would you like to go inside?" she asked.

"*Would* I?" The child was on her feet in an instant, her eyes aglow with eagerness. "Would I like to go to heaven?"

"What do you know about heaven?"

"Oh, not much! But a lady told me once—twice—three times, all about it; and—may I go inside? or, just to *look* in would be heaven, I know."

One of the sweetest of Stranss' waltzes was just ended, and the little people were flirting away to seats in the usual way among their elders on like occasions, when, in along the passages and to the parlor door, the lady led the child. The little creature shrunk timidly away from the sight of so many staring eyes, trying to hide herself behind the lady's skirts, for a moment only; then, the lights, the flowers, the splendor, the *contrast*, perhaps, and perhaps the hunger, or the sudden transition from cold to heat, made her lips blanch, her head whirl—made all things seem as a dream—then, as nothing, for she was lying prone on the floor, and white as the linen against her thin, young cheek.

What followed? Can you not guess? Children's hearts are so full of tender sympathies!

To-night, as I write these words for your eyes and for your hearts, the waif whom nobody loved or owned, is sleeping sweetly in a home that, though humble, is a palace of beauty and of joy to that blue-eyed *proteges* of the children. A little, weekly, from the purse of each of them pays her board in the home of a widow, who is a very grandmother to her, clothes her neatly, gives her a few playthings, and books for the public schools; and better than all, the children' *hearts* are here. "She is a great genius," they say. "She sketches already, like a real artist, and she talks, oh, madam, she talks *like a poem!*"

God bless them all, this Saturday night, and always! God grant that there never may come a time when their lives will not have, as now, a purpose, an aim, an object that heaven itself can smile on! God grant that if, in the years to come, their own little ones go homeless and loveless along the crowded streets, or through the dark of dreary, deathful nights, some hand may be outstretched to succor and to save them.

The wheel of fortune in its mighty and constant evolution, hath one spoke up to-day and down to-morrow, and such change *may* come to the children of my sketch. If so, God give them back the bread they have cast upon the waters.

MARCIA'S LETTER.

BY ELLEN E. REXFORD.
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

John Browning sat at his desk for a long time before he wrote the letter that told Marcia Fields that he loved her, and wanted her to be his wife, if she loved him well enough to help bear the burdens that life would have for them. He was thinking it all over. He was a poor man. His hands and his head were all he had to fight the battle of life with. All, I said. I was wrong there. No man ever had a truer heart than John Browning's, and in the struggles of life there is no better weapon, I take it, than a brave heart. But he had no wealth to offer, and no prospect of wealth, unless steady, hard work met with reward in coming years. But that was so far off, and so visionary, that he put it out of the question entirely. Was he doing right in asking her to become his wife.

"If she loves me well enough to take me, knowing everything, no man has a better right to her than I have," he said, by-and-by. "Love puts wealth and position out of the question. If she accept me, it will be simply because she loves me."

Then he wrote his letter:

DEAR MARCIA: Perhaps you may think strange that I should write to you what most men would prefer to say. It is not because I lack courage to say it, but because I want you to have time and opportunity to think the matter over well before you give me any answer. If I were to say to you in so many words, "I love you; will you marry me?" you would not have the chance to think soberly about all that your reply would mean. Therefore, I ask you in this way to be my wife, if you love me as a woman should love the man she marries. I do not ask you to decide now. I am going away for a month. When I come back you ought to know your own heart well enough to tell me whether you care for me or not. That I love you, you know well enough. You have known it for some time. If you can say yes to my question, I shall be a happy man. But, before you say yes or no, think of what you have to give up. You can have wealth if you choose it. You can have a thousand pleasant things that I cannot give you now—perhaps never. I have only my love and myself to offer.

JOHN BROWNING.

He folded the letter and put it in an envelope, and wrote Marcia Fields thereon. Then he put it in his pocket, and went to call on her.

Robert Scott was sitting in the parlor, chatting with Miss Fields, when John Browning came up the path.

"Confound him," muttered Scott, looking anything but pleased. "He's always happening round when I'm having a pleasant *tete-a-tete* with Miss Fields. If he were out of the way, there'd be no trouble about my winning her."

From which you will readily understand that Robert Scott was one of Marcia's suitors. He had been a lover of hers for a year or more; or rather, he had tried to be, but she had kept him at a distance. She liked him very well, and did not hesitate to let him know it, but she had never let him feel that she accepted his attentions in any other than a friendly way. Yet all the while he felt that the only thing that stood between him and the accomplishment of his plans was John Browning. If *he* were out of the way, Marcia would have smiles for others. But the fact remained that John Browning was in the way, and it was a hard stubborn fact that there was no getting round.

The young men met each other cordially enough. John felt that he had no reason to fear Robert Scott. He was pretty sure what Marcia's answer would be.

He did not stay long. He told them that he was going away, and smiled to see how much relief the announcement afforded Robert Scott. He watched his opportunity, and handed his letter to Marcia, unobserved, he thought. But his rival had keen eyes, and saw it all. And he saw what neither of the others saw—that Marcia, instead of putting the letter in her pocket, as she supposed she was doing, merely slipped it between two folds of her dress, from which it slid to the floor, and was hidden from the sight by an ottoman.

Scott had seen the look in Browning's face when he gave her the letter, and was at no great loss to understand pretty nearly what its contents were. The impulse came to him to secure it. He could do so unobserved. Who knew what the result might be? There was a possibility that fate was waiting to throw the advantage into his hands, if he was prompt to act.

He did not hesitate long. Unseen by either of them he picked up the letter and hid it in his pocket.

John Browning was saying good-bye, when he dared to look up from the engravings he pretended to be interested in, for the sake of covering up his confusion. He had done a cowardly, dishonest deed, and the consciousness of it had made itself evident in his face.

He felt more ashamed of himself when John gave him his hand in his frank, hearty way, than he had ever done before.

But he had taken the first step, and he was not going to give up the game now. He would win Marcia Fields, if it were a possible thing.

* * * * *

When Robert Scott went away, Marcia went up to her room and sat down to read the letter John Browning had given her.

"I wonder what it is?" she said to herself. "Most likely he has copied that poem for me that he was talking about the other day. Why, where is the letter? It isn't in my pocket. I must have dropped it downstairs."

She went down and searched the parlor over for it. But it was not to be found. She questioned everybody in the house, but no one had seen it.

"I don't see where it can have gone to," she said. "I would not have lost it for anything. I wonder what was in it? That poem, probably."

If she only could have known!

* * * * *

The air was full of dreamy, delicious music, and the faint, yet subtle perfume of tropical flowers. The lights shone softly over fair faces and happy ones, and everything seemed to conspire to make the scene a fitting one for Robert Scott to tell his love in to the woman on his arm.

"Come out on the balcony with me," he whispered; "I have something to tell you."

She half understood what it was he had to tell, and her heart beat a little faster, and the color in her cheeks deepened a little.

"I love you," he began, passionately. "You have known it for a good while. You are the only woman I ever cared for. Will you be my wife, Marcia?"

Swift blushes came and went upon her cheeks. She had never listened to such passionate words before. They startled her, and yet she felt half pleased to hear them.

"Perhaps I have been abrupt in my declaration," he said, seeing how bewildered she seemed. "But I spoke the first words that came into my mouth. Tell me, Marcia, can you love me?"

"I can't think," she answered. "My thoughts are in a whirl. Don't ask me now. Give me time to think of it—but"—stopping suddenly, while a soft rose-flush came into her face, and a tender light into her eyes—"I am sure I shall answer no."

He knew that she was thinking at that moment of John Browning.

"For God's sake, don't trifle with me," he cried. "I know what you meant when you said that. But, are you sure that he cares for you as I do? Has he ever told you so?"

"Don't say anything more to me now?" she begged. "Let me think it all over. Wait two days, and then I will answer you."

"Well, if I must," he answered. "But think well before you answer no. It isn't safe to throw away a chance of happiness, when it can be had for the taking, for the sake of a chance that may never come, Marcia. I am sure I could make you happy—as happy as John Browning could. You see, I know what you are thinking about, Marcia. If you were to tell me no, for his sake, and he were to prove that he meant nothing, after all, more than friendship, you might have something to regret for all your lifetime, because, Marcia, I believe you love me, if you only knew your own heart."

"Please stop," she cried. "I will not listen to another word to-night. You must let me have time to think it over. I promise you I will try to be honest in my decision."

And with that he had to be content.

He happened to recollect, on his way home that night, that his sister had given him some letters to mail. He stopped at a corner letter-box, took the letters from his pocket, slipped them into the box, and went on, thinking of Marcia.

If he only could have known that one of the letters he had given to the post was that letter John Browning had told his love to Marcia Fields in! I fancy his rest would have been anything but quiet.

* * * * *

Marcia Fields' face wore a thoughtful, tired look. She had lain awake all night, thinking over the proposal Robert Scott had made, and asking herself what she had better do. She liked Scott better than any one she knew—except John Browning. But was it safe for her to refuse this offer, hoping for another? How was she to know that John loved her well enough to ask her to marry him? Here was wealth and position and love offered her. She had only to say the word, and it was hers. If she said no, and John Browning were never to ask her the question Robert Scott had, she should miss of the happiness her life ought to have. She wished that John Browning had asked her, instead of Scott. She knew well enough that she cared more for John than for any one else. But——

"Here's a letter for you, Marcia," cried her little brother.

And he threw her a white missive.

She started at sight of it. It was exactly like the letter John had given her that day he went away. It surely was John's writing. She should know that anywhere.

"Where did you get it, Dick?" she asked.

"Found it with the other letters," answered Dick. "S'pose the postman brought it this morning."

She opened it, at a loss to understand the matter. That it was her lost letter she was sure.

A soft, glad light came into her eyes as she read.

"Dear John," she said, when she had finished it, "if you only knew how glad I am that this came to me now! It has decided the question for me! I wish a month were not so long!"

* * * * *

Robert Scott came next day for her answer.

"It is no," she answered, gently.

"But have you thought of what you are throwing away, for a possibility——" he began.

"I have thought of it all," she answered. "This letter has asked me a question that I have answered yes to, and I have answered it honestly, and as my heart bade me."

Robert Scott turned pale as death at sight of the letter. He understood it all in a second.

"Why did I not destroy it!" he muttered, with a fierce gesture of impotent rage, as he walked down the street. "I stole it, but my squeamishness would not let me read it. If I had done that, I would have destroyed it, as I ought to have done at once. I have baffled myself like a fool! and John Browning has won the woman I thought last night I was sure of."

THE BOUDOIR.

FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

One of the most noticeable features of the prevailing modes in the fashions of to-day is the marked tendency to revive the tastes and "whimsies" of a century gone by. To what this movement may be attributable, we cannot rightly determine; it may be the natural sequence of things, if the theory of "circular progression" is true, or our national pride may excuse our offering the suggestion, it may be due to Centennial influence.

The narrow dresses, the high-flared rims of the hats and bonnets, the puffed sleeves and full flowing mantles, all go to prove our assertion.

There are so many pretty costumes blossoming out on every side under the genial influence of the April sun-rays, that we find it a difficult task to select from the number a few to describe in our column week by week.

Among those in light shades we must give preference to one in three shades of gray. The underskirt was of a deep shade of steel-blue gray, and was simply made, being entirely plain in the back widths, and arranged in the double box plait, so popular and graceful. This plait was adorned from the waist to hem with double bows of faille made of the three different shades of gray.

The dress material, we omitted to mention, was of foulard, a most suitable material for the present season.

The side and front widths were trimmed at the bottom with a wide Spanish flounce of the second shade of gray, at the bottom of which was a fine knife pleating of the dark shade. Above were two puffs, one light, one dark, and a standing ruffle of the dark, lined with the light.

The overskirt was a deep, square apron of the second shade of gray, trimmed around the edge with two overlapping knife-blade pleatings, the lower one of the darkest shade, the upper of the third or lightest shade of all. This overskirt had some novel features. It was quite wide, extending far back until it met the box plait; it was caught together in three places across it by large double bows of faille ribbon in the three shades.

The basque was a fancifully shaped postillion, and had puffed sleeves of the darkest shade, ending at the wrist in two pleatings of the light shades.

The corsage was of the second shade, while a vest or "plastron" directly in front was of the lightest shade.

The high round collar and small revers, which turned back just below the throat, were of the two light shades, corded on the edge with the dark.

A hat to accompany this costume was of gray chip, with a round crown and wide rim, "flared up" directly in front; gray ostrich tips and faille ribbon, with a cluster of half-blown blush rose-buds just in front, above the bandeau, which rested on the forehead, composed the trimming.

Among the imported costumes we noticed a stylish one of black taffeta—a dinner or reception dress. The skirt was long and flowing; no trimming at the back, a deep shirring in front and at the sides.

The overdress very long, almost touching the hem of the dress in front, edged with a gathered ruffle from five to six inches in depth. A narrow band of embroidery was placed down the middle of this deep apron, and edged on each side with a fine knife pleating, four inches wide; five bows of taffeta ribbon were placed on the embroidered bands, at regular distances.

The corsage was one form of the celebrated Worth corset waist. It was square in the neck, and had a vest which extended to the bottom of the waist, and was covered with embroidery, a fancifully arranged bow of taffeta ribbon, embroidered on each loop, was placed at the left side of the corsage, just below the square opening. The sleeves were in two longitudinal puffs, which were divided by a narrow band of embroidery, similar to the one upon the front of the overskirt; a knife pleating, two and a half inches in depth, fell over the hand. The corsage was simply piped around the bottom, and was laced up behind by a strong cord of silk—a thick piece of soutache would answer all purposes. Square pockets were placed on the apron front, and were embroidered to correspond with the rest of the costume.

Among the new hats and bonnets we noticed three which we shall describe as very tasteful models.

One was of black chip; high, round crown, with a wide rim in front, which sloped down narrowly at each side, and at the back resolved itself into a mere continuation of the crown. The rim was trimmed with a bias of faille, set on one inch from the edge. A rouleau of black twilled India silk crossed the hair just above the forehead, and was surmounted by a spray of priset blossoms, and a half-opened white rose and buds. A damask scarf of creamy white silk, was carelessly twisted about the crown, and tied at the left side in a loose bow. A tip of ostrich feathers, black and white, was placed at the right side, from thence commenced a spray of Arabian jessamine, combined with priset blossoms, which was brought across the back of the crown, and allowed to droop gracefully at the left, below the damask scarf ends. Strings of white tulle, a half yard in length, simply hemmed at the bottom, were fastened at the back of the hat, and were intended to be crossed on the bust of the wearer.

A hat for a young lady just in her "first season," was of rice straw, in the watteau shape; the rim turned up all around and lined with pale blue silk. A wreath of delicately tinted hawthorn blooms, with here and there a spray of forget-me-nots encircled the crown; long streamers, of pale blue and flesh-tinted faille ribbon, fell at the back.

Yet another was of white chip, with a coronet front, narrow rim at the sides, and square crown. The front was lined with cream-colored faille. A scarf the same encircled the crown, while loops and long ends of black velvet ribbon fell over the shoulders. A toisade of black velvet and cream-colored faille loops, was placed to the left of the front; a cluster of safrano buds, intermingled with Neapolitan violets, was placed in front. A similar cluster at the back. We can recommend these hats to our readers as being in the most perfect taste.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is said that humming birds are so fashionable a garniture for hats in Paris, that one milliner alone uses forty thousand a season.

The latest novelty in costumes is one for the house called "La Juive"—an underskirt of black velvet, plain; overdress of blue India cashmere, embroidered in gold or silver, with a breast-plate wrought in front.

Flowers are used in excess for trimming.

Black llama and other lace points and round mantles will be very fashionable this summer. They can be worn as overdresses, Marie Antoinette, fichus, etc.

White stockings are no longer *en regle*. Ladies of fashion wear striped or ecru Balbriggan for ordinary toilette, and beautifully tinted silk ones for extra occasions.

A novelty in boots is an article in black faille or satin, wrought in fine jet, and to be worn with open-work, black silk stockings.

Very elegant morning dresses for the watering-places are being made of fine India cashmere, in delicate tints.

Ecru linen dresses will be much worn now during the summer, trimmed with white embroidery or imitation guipure.

Wide sashes of black velvet with blue steel buckles will be fashionable.

A new tint in gloves and also dress goods, called *couleur de papier* (paper color), is of a light, yellowish brown.

Ties of tinted India silk are often worn, above the collar or ruffle, after the fashion of a small muffler.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. T. T., Danburg, Ga.—Sent waist and bonnet per express, 13th April.

MISS NETTIE R.—Crepe lisse ruche for your neck and sleeves will be very pretty and appropriate for evening wear with your lustreless black silk, trimmed, as you say it is, with crape folds.

ANNIE R.—A black chip, trimmed with pale pink or blue faille, and clusters of half-blown pink rose-buds, will be pretty for you.

MISS ELLA SHOCK.—Received your letter, to which we will reply next week, too late for the columns of this number. We will send samples desired upon receipt of three three-cent stamps to pay postage for same. Will also answer your letter per mail, if you enclose stamp for postage.

MRS. M. DE L.—Gray and purple are a very pretty combination, provided the gray be clear, and not shaded with blue. Make the underskirt of the blue, and a sleeveless waist and overskirt of the gray, simply corded at the edge, or trimmed with knife-blade pleating three inches deep. Have puffed sleeves of the blue, and line your round standing collar, or a plaited ruff for the neck, with it.

NIXON.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELAXATION.

It has been said that half the wisdom of a nation is to be found in its proverbs; and most of us have thought in our school-boy days that the seven sages of Greece, united as friends in council, could never have written a more sensible line than the familiar nursery axiom that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Not less true of the man than of the boy. The bow of Achilles was not always bent, and relaxation from labor is a human necessity. The difficulty is how to find the requisite relaxation; for if the pleasure chosen be too like the daily labor, very little benefit will result therefrom. How few of us really study the philosophy of amusement. There is a well known story of a waiter who took a holiday for the first time in twenty years, and spent the day in assisting a brother of the napkin to lay the tables for a great dinner to take place the following evening. We have heard of city and country physicians wishing a holiday to arrange to look after each other's practices for a fortnight or three weeks. Many literary men, after a hard day's work, will sit down for the evening over a chess board. An actor "out of the bill" for a night is almost sure to visit a rival theatre; an artist will visit a friend's studio; and a clergyman away from home is certain to officiate in every pulpit within a reasonable distance of the place he has selected for his holiday sojourn. Now, all these men are guilty of the grossest folly. It is very well, as a change of labor, and to prevent the mind running too much in one groove, to vary the scene of the work, but this is distinctly not amusement; and even though the zest of novelty may cause it to be a genuine enjoyment, it is by no means relaxation; for it does not give rest, which should be the one object of all relaxation.

[From "American Journalist," Philadelphia.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, founded in 1821, and probably the oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States, has added to its many attractions by incorporating with it the PEOPLES ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY of Pittsburgh, and in future will combine the best and most popular features of both journals.

To the choice and varied literature, which has always made the POST a welcome visitor in families, handsome illustrations, with extra supplements and Fashion Plates, will be added.

If you have talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

A Child's Dream of a Star.

BY DICKENS.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright waters; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made the world lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: "Supposing all the children on the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the waters, and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars, and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their beds, they looked out once again to bid it good night, and when they were turning round to sleep they would say: "God bless the star."

But when she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round to the patient's pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" And then a smile would come upon his face, and a little, weak voice used to say: "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a beautiful, shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star, and dreamed that lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that shining road by angels. And the star opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that, lying in the bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew.

The patient face that had once lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said: "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and said:

"Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!"

And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night, and the star was shining into his room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come, and he thought he did not belong to earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born, to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he had never yet spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and all the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried:

"Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!"

And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his book, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother."

A mighty cry of joy went through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried:

"Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! take me!"

And they answered, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said:

"Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said:

"My daughter's head is on my mother's bosom, and her arm is around my sister's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around him, he cried as he cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered to one another, "He is dying."

And he said:

"I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And, oh, my father, I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive these dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

Farmer Giles.

There was nothing that Farmer Giles wished so much as to have a big house like the Squire's. When he got up in the morning, he would say:

"Now, if I lived there, I should be lying comfortably in my bed, instead of tramping out before daybreak into the barnyard."

When he was working in the noonday heat, he would say:

"If I was the Squire, I should be sitting on my lawn, drinking a cool tankard of ale."

And at night, when coming home behind his cattle, he would say:

"If I was the Squire, I might be sitting down to drink out of silver, and be waited on by a servant."

One day as he stopped to rest, and stood leaning on his plough, a man came across the fields, and when he was close on him, Farmer Giles saw that it was the Squire himself.

"Good-day, farmer," said the Squire, who was a small, pale, wicked-looking man. "I am much obliged to you for remembering me so often."

"I?" said the farmer, stammering and shaking, for he only half-liked the look of the Squire.

"Oh, I know," answered the Squire, "how morning, noon, and night, you wish you were in my place, and I have come to make a bargain with you. You shall be me, if you like, and I will be you, for the space of six months. After that, if you still like my life, we will talk further."

Farmer Giles could hardly believe that the Squire was in earnest.

"Try it and see," said the Squire. "Put on my coat, and I will put on yours. Now, here we go!"

And as he spoke, Farmer Giles felt himself shrink up, small like the Squire, and saw standing opposite, a man, who wore his clothes and looked as he had always looked.

"Good-day, Squire," said the new farmer, and went off laughing.

Farmer Giles stared a moment, and then turned about to walk towards what was his new house. He was hardly as bright as he expected to be: he felt thin, and small, and weak. It was hard work getting over the furrows. His head ached, and was dull. When he reached the lawn on which he had so often wished to sit, he grew dizzy, and in trying to get up the terrace steps he fell. Servants came rushing out, and carried him to his bed. There he lay many days, and when he came to his senses, he found that he could not move his right hand and his right foot, and that he could with difficulty mumble out a few words. Asking the doctor, who stood by with a solemn face, what was the matter with him, "Paralysis!" answered the doctor.

Farmer Giles began to think that he had made a worse bargain than he thought. Of what use were servants to whom he could not speak, and houses and lands that he could not see? And while he thought about it, he heard the clock weights talking with the pendulum.

"The farmer has made a bad bargain," said the Weights.

"Yes," answered the Pendulum. "The Squire has a magic glass, in which he saw that he would have a stroke of paralysis; and that while he lay ill, his wicked nephew would poison him to get his money sooner."

The cold perspiration started out on the farmer.

"How soon is he coming?" asked the Weights.

"In an hour," returned the Pendulum.

"Help! Murder!" mumbled Farmer Giles, trying so hard to scream and struggle that he woke up in the field where he had fallen asleep, even more thankful that he was not the Squire than he had once been so very anxious to take his place.

CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to give honor and glory to age,
With its lessons of wisdom and truth,
Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,
And the fairy tale read but in youth?

Let time, rolling on, crown with fame or with gold—
Let us look in the noblest hearts;
Yet what hope can be cherish'd, what gift can we hold,
That will bless like our earlier dreams?

SIMON GIRTY,

THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,

Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

SYNOPSIS OF "SIMON GIRTY."

The story opens May 15th, 1762, at the frontier post of Fort Pitt, (now Pittsburgh,) then the chief centre of American operations in the West, as was Detroit of British operations. The entire territory between these two posts was wholly occupied by Indians, chiefly Shawnees, Delawares, and Wyandotts; all but the Turtle tribe of Delawares, hostile to the frontier, and at this especial time, terribly exasperated by the base and cowardly massacre of the Moravian Indians—men, women and children—at Gnadenhutten, on the Muskingum, which occurred but a few weeks before the opening of the tale. The chief characters are Misses Drusilla Swearingen and Elizabeth Zane, two young and highly respectable ladies of spirit and beauty, from the Fort Henry settlement, (now Wheeling,) who are on their way home from a Philadelphia school; Lydia Boggs, a brave, dashing and lovely girl from Fort Henry, and prominent for near fifty years after as one of the most remarkable women of the West; Mrs. Malott, a middle-aged Maryland lady of refinement and culture, who, while seeking a new home in Kentucky, had the misfortune to have husband and four children captured by Indians; who had spent the whole period since in an unavailing search for them, and who had now come West for a last, final and almost despairing effort.

Of males there were Capt. Sam Brady, the famous scout and Indian tracker, devoted to Miss Swearingen; young Colonel Shepherd, a daring ranger from Fort Henry, supposed to be much pleased with Lydia Boggs; Major John Rose, the trusted aid and *protege* of General Irwine, commandant at Fort Pitt, and a brave, gallant and accomplished officer; evidently a foreigner, but around whose past life there hung some inscrutable mystery. He was assiduous in his attentions to Miss Zane, her affections, however, seeming to be pre-engaged; Larry Donohue, an odd, rattling, good-natured Irishman of pluck and power, fresh from the sod, and on his way to Kentucky. He had ridden out from Philadelphia a new horse for Shepherd, and served as escort for the two young ladies, as well as groom for their horses, and, finally, Killbuck, a noted Delaware chief, friendly to the American side, and living at Fort Pitt for protection.

All these persons embark on the Ohio in a covered ark (Killbuck as steersman,) and have some stirring adventures. At the mouth of Yellow Creek, the ark is decoyed towards shore by a Mrs. Dorman and two children and then fiercely assaulted, and finally captured by the notorious white savage, Simon Girty, and his band of redskins. While all the male captives are being securely fastened to trees, Lydia Boggs mounts Major Rose's blood-mare; leaps into the Ohio; crosses it amid a shower of bullets, makes her escape to the opposite side, and after bringing the news to the two celebrated scouts, Adam and Andy Poe, and other hunters, rides straight to the Wheeling settlement and sets Simon Kenton, Lewis Wetzell, Jonathan Zane, and other noted scouts of the border, on Girty's track.

Meanwhile Girty lies craftily in wait for another down-river boat; makes a well-planned attack on it; but, after a bloody struggle, is disastrously repulsed by its captain, the famous Logan, of Kentucky, who had been put on his guard by a shrewd device of Larry's. The same night Captain Brady makes a wonderful escape, and while working his way to the river, has a strange encounter with some mysterious person, who turns out to be Andy Poe, who was scouting around Girty's camp. The two then join company with Adam Poe and other scouts, cross over to the Poe cabin and organize a dozen border truckers to follow Girty's trail. Andy Poe gives a lively account of his far-famed and desperate fight with Big Foot, the gigantic Huron chief, whom, in company with four brothers, almost equally as huge and daring as himself, Girty had despatched in a canoe after Lydia Boggs. Big Foot and his brothers are all killed.

The Brady-Poe party of skillful Indian trackers now take up Girty's trail. They find at the outlaw's deserted camp a note from Drusilla Swearingen which gives them a hint how to proceed. On Brush Creek they start up and chase to his lair a wild and mysterious Indian killer, whom the Poes call the "Hermit of the Big Yellow," him they induce to join their party as an avenger, Black Hoof (a daring Shawnee chief with Girty) having, as the Hermit states, destroyed his family.

Now follows an historical sketch of the notorious outlaw and tory, Simon Girty, exhibiting what was good as well as what was bad, in his life and character. He is an old acquaintance of Mrs. Malott's, having long aided her in the search for her lost family. He seeks an interview, and astounds the poor mother by the statement that he has not only seen her long lost daughter Kate, as a captive among the Shawnees, and now a beautiful girl of eighteen, but that he sincerely loves her, and has so told her, and ask Mrs. Malott's consent to a marriage, asserting that that is the only way he can rescue her from the Indians. He wrings from the anxious and yet overjoyed mother, a reluctant agreement to said marriage if he can fairly win her daughter's affections and bring her safely to her mother. Larry now makes himself conspicuous among Girty's band by a series of conjuring tricks, and is at last honored as a Big Medicine. He then tries another venture in the same line, but makes a signal failure, and "comes to grief."

Larry is recaptured by Indians, and treated to a Mazeppa ride on horseback. Brady and his scouts come up in time to have a pop at the captors. The two little decoys turn out to be the lost children of Mrs. Malott. The mother now recognizes and claims them, and Simon Girty plans an ambush for the Brady scouts. A dreadful conflict ensues. Combat between the "Hermit" and Black Hoof. Death of old Uncle Josh, one of the scouts. Shrewd devices of Girty to cover his trail, but is outwitted by his pursuers.

Brady comes secretly on Girty's camp, and he and his scouts march to the burnt Moravian towns, where they join the body of scouts from Ft. Henry. Strange discovery by Brady that Simon Butler is Simon Kenton, and Kenton relates some thrilling exploits. Capt. Brady makes a night visit to Gnadenhutten. Full history of the Moravian Mission, and an account of the massacre by one who was present.

Gnadenhutten massacre continued—A visit to the "Slaughter Houses"—The united scouts find and hotly follow up Girty's trail and come upon his camp—Brady secretly interviews the captive girls, and instructs them of the attack to be made that night.

Killbuck led out for torture—His wonderful escape—The prisoners freed and Girty's rage—The attack commenced and a night battle ensues—Desperate encounters of Brady with Pipe and of Girty with Kenton—The Hermit taken prisoner—Defeat and flight of Girty.

Homeward Bound after the Battle—A Stag Hunt and "Mad Ann Bailey"—The scouts reach Fort Henry—Larry comes out largely as a Lover—"He loves not wisely but too well," and mysteriously finds young Harry Malott.

CHAPTER LXXII.

LARRY REVIEWS THE SITUATION.

Let us now, on this special morning, listen to a brief snatch of Larry's talk, which he, having all the privileges of a spoiled and peevish invalid, was accustomed to pour out glibly and even unctuously, as the humor took him, and without much regard as to whether he was understood or not. Such a self-complacent rattlepate as Larry *had* to talk; he was, in fact, a "plugless word spout," and his frequent verbal hemorrhages were not only his delight but his safety-valve. Both his listeners had become accustomed to his quaint, fantastical monologues, and let him run on. They could usually manage to make out the drift of his remarks, sometimes by the words, sometimes by the look or gesture. When in the dark, however, they smiled or kept silence all the same.

"May glory be my bed, Wa-ba-sha, darlint, an' it's myself that's getting heart-sick of this ould shanty. It's as toight as a jug and dark as a pit, wid not enough braze to float a feather. Av ye had here now but a nate slip uv a pig a scratching of hisself forninst the corners, or maundhering around wid his schwate playful ways, or poking his sosbyul snout into every whipstitch, 'twould be more homesome like.

"Arrah, my jewel, in spite of yer dimpled sun-kissed face, and yer roguish phosphoriscent eye"—and here he chucked her laughingly under the chin, at the same time turning to wink his eye and put out his tongue to Net-to-way as a memento that it was only funning he was—"it's getting to be low days wid me, and me heart's joost grey wid grief. Sure it's no wonder, acushla, that I'm down on me luck an' me cooped up more nor two weeks in this coffin, as dull as ditch-wather and as melancholy as a jib-cat. Faith, an' I wish that I had died afore that I was born.

"Phat! *Why you no go out?* Ah, bedad, ye may well squat there, cool as a custard, and speer that. That's joost phat I'm coming to, honey. Look at my emaahiated figger, wid my ribs showing through like the bars uv a gridiron, and wid no more nate on my carcass than a grey-hound. Dawmed if it be'ent a bony skilleton I'm grown."

"Me hear," smilingly put in the widow, "dat 'pale face' trader from Sandus-kee come to de Moose village. He have beads and wampum for squaws, and fire-water, too."

"Phat's that! Fire-wather," excitedly exclaimed Larry, artfully ignoring the hint about the feminine gear. "Howly Joseph and the blissed Vargin, and here's Larry Donohue blathering away the time and he as dhry as a mummy, and his mouth as dusty as an old lime kiln. Come, Biddy, acushla, and help me to the dure in the twinkling of a calf's tail. Saints be about us, but I'm feared The Moose will get so dhrunk that he can't see the holes in a laddher."

Biddy was the pet name Larry had bestowed on his dusky sweet-heart; telling her that Biddy was more melodyus than Net-to-way; it made him dhrame of home and meant in Irish "a fawn wid the big, black eyes."

"Me vely glad you go out," here cheerfully broke in Wa-ba-sha, who had ever an eye on business. "Now you well again you soon be great Miami chief; take lodge of Big Bear and shoot much game for squaw and papooses."

"Whirroo!" involuntarily ejaculated Larry to himself, while tossing a meaning look at Net-to-way, who was sitting with her eyes studiously cast down. "An' shure, the ould vestal spakes out her whole mind to wonct, and's never backards in coming forards."

Then, seeing the necessity of humoring the widow, while secretly resolving to "forbid the banns," Larry went up, took her and shook her by the two hands and said in the most hilarious manner:

"Thrue for you, my paycock—yis, a gorgious paycock, that's joost phat yiz are—an' shure I'd marry ye right 'out o' hand this blissed minut, av there was a praste here to the fore, and a fiddle and some mountain dew to set the boys' toes a waggin. But, my bouchal, whin I comes to be chafe, must'nt I have a chafe's dress and scalp-lock, and go in the wather to wash the white blood all out?"

"Yes, yes," answered the impetuous widow; "go in water to morrow. Got chief's dress all ready. Come to wigwam very next sun."

This was getting to be awfully near. The embarrassed groom, that was to be, grew red in the face, cast a bashful look at Net-ta-way, who steadily kept her eyes on her bead-work, and whistled softly to himself. A bright thought struck him. He must change his tactics.

"Wa ba-sha, you bright and illustrious phaynix, do but look at the Donohue, the mighty magichshun, the sivinth son uv a sivinth son, who wunct had a face broad as a Munster pratie. He's now thin as a dale-board, run to a pint like the pin of a sun-dial; no bigger than a chalk mark, and could hide shint his own shadder."

Then throwing his arms tightly about Mrs. Big Bear's ample person, and looking fondly down into her little glinting eyes, he added, as if so much enraptured that he couldn't help it, "Ah, you schwate deludher you! Shure the soft end uv a honey comb's but a fool to ye; but ye must hould yer pretty clack now, for jist two weeks longer, till I grow stout and sthrong, and thin I'm your's and your mine for the blissed forever—till ould Horny gathers us.

'If you luves me as I luvee you,
No knife can cut our luves in two.'

"But I must lave yez now. My heart's jist that crazy that I'll be pumping up the salt, salt tears, and be throwing them about the flure like a spout afther a thunder shower. Come, Biddy, darl—no, my dutiful niece, and be me crutch through the village;" and Larry took the arm of Net-ta-way, who rose shyly and obediently from her work, and walked out of the door humming meditatively to himself a well-known Irish song.

Larry now kept silence as well as a stiff, upright position, until the twain had gotten to the margin of Scippo creek. Then inclining more towards the young maiden, and giving her the most meaning and comical look imaginable, he softly whispered:

"Bad fate to me, Biddy, but did ye hear what the ould baggage said?—a chafe the morrow and the father of four little gossoons of Injuns the next day. Divil run away wid me, darlint, if childer arn't much loike toothpicks—ivery one wants his own and not another's. Oh, wirrasthrew, only siventeen snows old, Biddy, an' shure you're right big for your size. Spake to me, child; your soft voice is joost like the song of a mairmaid. Phat's to become uv us?"

Net-to-way, though a coy and modest little maid, was yet, like all her sex where their affections are engaged, resolute and ready-witted enough. Her two weeks of nursing and gentle offices had touched and melted her heart. Larry's ardor and fervent protestations in return had ensnared her affections. She fully understood the situation; knew what would be the dreadful consequences of thwarting old tribal customs; but believing in the white stranger with her whole heart, *she* was ready, if he were, to take the consequences.

Had her lover been able to talk Indian, it is probable she would have shyly and artfully talked round and round the all-engrossing subject; but *not* knowing much English, she was shut up to a certain directness. So, looking shyly but trustfully up to Larry's freckled face, she said with a very sweet and confiding manner,—

"'Sunny Hair' say much, many time he love Indian maiden. Is dat true?"

"Thrue! my fairy red bird! Schwate modher of Heaven, an' how could ye iver misdoubt me! I'll schware it to yiz, by all the crosses in a yard uv check; phat's more, I'll sale it and stamp it on your rosebud uv a mouth. Wud ye lift me up again, darlint, if I'd down on my knees? I'm still wake!"

"Oh, no! no! Net-to-way believe. Listen! You no love Wa-ba-sha—"

"Blissed Pether! don't harrish and mulfather me, honey, about that painted haythen! By the Big Toe of Egypshun Pharoh, but she's coulder and bitherer to me than a stepmother's breath. Ye know, Biddy, darlint, how I had to put the comether on the widder. How I fed her with false music and butthered her up wid blarney till she got past all bearing wid her upsettedness.

"May the divel whip the tongue out o' me this minnit av I'd trust widder Big Bear as far as I could sling a cow by the tail—dawmed ef I would. But, my illegant charmer, you're the rale Paddy's delight, no tighter, modester, nor clanerskinned little girl betwuxt Fairhead and Kinsale. Ye've got the natest trick o' blushing; yer eyes are soft and guileless as a kitten's, and yer a match for inny Irish colleen bawn that iver peeled praties."

"Well, den," continued Net-to-way, greatly delighted with Larry's fervent rhapsody, which she interpreted as much by his florid manner as by his eloquent language; "I tell 'Sunny Hair' what we do. He take me for his squaw, 'pale-face' way, and Net-to-way go wid him toward the rising sun. She vely sad dis day, 'cause she dream you love Wa-basha and go live in her lodge."

"Och, the divil fly away wid her lodge and her, too, and all the childer wid their Injun gibberish. Dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear. Shure the ould Beelzebub's a rale heart-scalding to me. She's enough to take the hair off an iron dog. But come, mavourneen, I see all the Injuns staring and peeping at me from their dures as we pass. Leave us meandher down to the Falls, the roar and botheration of which has been vexing my ears day and night this two weeks past. We must put on our considering' caps, and see phat's best to do. Och, troth and be jabers, but it's a proud and consated mon Larry Donohue is this blissed day."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

LARRY "WANDERS BY THE BROOK SIDE."

The two wandered slowly past the long range of huts which fronted the creek. At every door appeared the curious, prying eyes of women and children, anxious to see the strange-looking 'pale-face' who was soon to be a chief. But very few 'braves' were visible, most of them having gone off on a scalping raid against the Kentucky border. The noise of the Falls grew nearer and louder, and finally they burst upon their view.

Larry had been so weakened by sickness, or so preoccupied by his new love, that he forgot even the trader with his packs and fire-water. The two sat them down on a moss-covered rock shelving out over the mad yeast of waters, and over kept cool by the rising spray. These Falls were not high, but, by reason of the spring rains, were passing an unusually large volume of water.

No living creatures in sight, but a group of young Indian boys standing knee-deep on the very edge of the cascade, and entirely engrossed in fishing. From the topmost bough of a lofty, lightning-scarred Sycamore on the other side of the creek, could be heard the occasional harsh notes of an osprey as he swooped down, with a roar of plumage, on his scaly prey; while along the shore, some distance behind them, stalked a pair of crested, long-legged herons, also engaged in fishing. A number of smaller birds—pipers, king-fishers, bank swallows, &c., kept hovering over the Falls and darting, like winged meteors, hither and yon, making the glad air vocal with their various jocund notes.

A wild and romantic scene and especially favorable to lovers. Larry, however, needed no picturesque accessories to stimulate his passion. He borrowed nothing either from occasion or concomitants. Give him but courting material and he would have been ready all the same to deliver his burnings and gushings, whether lost in a desert or cast away on a surf dashed rock in mid ocean.

Besides, since his arrival on American shores, he had become quite rusty, having but little opportunity for indulgence in petticoat worship; and now, here, that he was a favored suitor, accepted by a young and quite attractive girl, be sure the head-over-heels Irishman lost no time, but turned his entire attention and energies to the pleasing business in hand.

It is surprising how well the two simpletons understood each other; but the language of love being emphatically of a polyglot character, and speaking "with most miraculous organs"—chiefly eyes, lips, and hands—they managed to get along famously.

Together they busily planned an escape by horse or canoe, to Ft. Henry, to be attempted as soon as Larry had recovered sufficiently to bear the fatigues of such a long journey. The time was fixed as the night before the ceremony of his becoming the husband of Mrs. Big Bear, and the father of her brood—"the divil's own clutch, and good neither egg nor bird," Larry would say—"the very thought of which was enough to make a dog bate his own grandfadher."

As the gushing pair were thus intently busy discussing the details of the scheme, all at once came to their ears a great outcry of childish voices. On looking out in the direction of the clamor, they saw the group of lads in a state of violent excitement—some yelling out and wringing their little hands, while others stood spell-bound on the brink of the Falls, peering over its whirl of waters at some object but dimly seen among the white foam below, but which appeared to be clinging to the rocks on the edge of the deep pool.

Both at once sprang to their feet: "An' phat's the mather now, ye screeching divil's clips!" shouted Larry in his excitement, forgetting they could not understand. Net-to-way shouted about the same in Indian. The lads answered that Tu-te-lu had tumbled over the Falls, and was all cut and bloody.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the young girl, in great alarm; "Little Tu-te-lu, son of Chillecothe chief. How he come here?"

The warm-hearted Larry had by this time thrown off his coat and cap and started for the creek, saying: "Divil a wun o' me knows nor cares, Biddy, who he is, how he's here or where he's from; here goes for the little shaver, innyhow."

"No! no! no!" cried Net-to-way in great alarm, catching and trying to hold him back; "me go! Me swim like duck; you too sick and much hurt. No! no!"

"Be aff wid ye, swateheart, whin I bid ye! It must niver be said that a Donohue stood by, idle as a mile-stone widout figgers, an' a fellow crayture, big or little; gentle or simple, red, white or black, in need of his aid."

So saying, Larry stepped promptly out into the water, followed closely by Net-to-way. His will, however, was stronger than his deed, and progress was so slow that his nimble companion soon outstripped him; and, on reaching the deep water, boldly struck out on a swim.

She found Tu-te-lu, a handsome, curly-headed lad of some thirteen years, clinging to the rock, very pale and faint, and the blood oozing from a wide cut in the head. Any active Indian boy almost could have rescued himself from such a fall, but this one had been forcibly dashed against a jagged rock and so stunned as to be utterly helpless. He could only cling tenaciously to the rock's selvage and await assistance.

Net-to-way caught him up to her breast, covered his face with kisses and bravely dragged him in to shallow water. There Larry, weak and staggering, met and aided her, and the boy was soon laid on the grassy shore.

The wound was carefully examined and bound up, and the youngster, gradually recovering from his fright and the stunning effects of the blow, began to look about him. He first saw Larry's broad, kindly and fiery fringed and saffron crowned phiz, bending over him, and the lad's black, earnest eyes fastened on it at once as if spell-bound. The longer he looked the more he seemed fascinated, his eyes apparently growing larger and larger. The jetty curls lay in wet, heavy masses over his forehead. Larry was, in *his* turn, struck with the child's peculiar appearance, and returned his ardent gaze with interest.

At last the Hibernian could restrain himself no longer: "An' troth, Biddy, but that's the quarest-looking Injun, all out and out, that miself iver seed. He's so frighted that he's a'most as pale as a spook. His eyes are as big as an owl's and as black as the sloe's; and, schwate

Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page, and the fairy tale read but in youth?

good luck to the damp young whelp, but his hair's as foine as silk and curls as tight as a nagur's. An' who the divil is the gossoon, innyway?"

When Larry commenced speaking the boy gave a sudden start, and half rising with ear inclined, drank in every word.

He then, as if understanding it all, turned his earnest eyes up to the girl's face, as if expecting as much enlightenment from her answer as was Larry himself.

"Me tole you two, free, sev'ral times," answered the girl in a quick, nervous and somewhat nettled manner, "dere be little, little 'pale face' over at Chille-co-the. He now son of Chief Wa-cous-ta. Injun no like speak of dese tings. When 'pale face' have white blood all wash out and come into our tribes, he all same as red. Tu te-lu like my own brudder, and he no go way, ever."

The lad had watched intently, almost tremblingly, every motion of his companion's lips. The last word had scarcely issued ere his arms were thrown tight about her neck, his head nestled on her shoulder, and, to the surprise of all, he faltered out in English, but in a somewhat uncertain, hesitating manner, as if the language came back to him only by use: "That man talks so queer and you talk so funny; but Tu te lu knows what both say. I want to go with you. Don't let him take me."

"Whirroo! murther! here's the very divil to pay!" exclaimed Larry in the utmost astonishment. "I'd know the spalpeen wasn't an Injun away 'round a corner! 'Talk so funny!' phat d'ye mane, ye young vagabond, an' had scran to ye."

"I don't know. You don't talk like my white papa talk, and don't look—" and then as if a tide of recollections, associated with the old language long since disused, had rushed in upon him, he burst out into a flood of tears, clinging tightly to Net-to way and crying out passionately: "Oh, where *is* my own old papa! Take me to him!"

Both Larry and his companion were not only surprised, but deeply touched. "Look here, my brave little laddy," the former said; "tell me who you are and where you're from."

The boy disengaged his arms, looked quickly into Larry's homely but compassionate face, and said, "*Now*, you look and speak more like the old pa pa. Don't know where I'm from. Been here a long time;" and then as if struggling to gather some salient point out of the sudden confusion of ideas and throng of memories which were plainly at work within him, he added slowly, "Was in a big boat on the water. There was firing of arms and a crowd of Injuns, and papa and mamma and—and—Sis—and—Franky—yes, yes, and little Dot—and Maggie Kennedy and—"

"Och, wirra, wirra!" said Larry, but with a tear actually standing in each eye. "The saints be good to the little shaver, but how his tongue clacks away now. It works as nimbly as a hare's fut. And d'ye moind phat yer *own* name was, my lad?"

"Yes!" with a sudden start and gleam of intelligence. "Harry—Harry Malott, but papa—"

"God save us! but I've found him at last! Hoorrah! hoorrah!" and Larry snatched the boy from Net-to-way's arms, kissed and hugged him as if he would devour him, and then rose quickly to his feet and commenced walking up the creek towards Wa-ba-sha's lodge.

"Where you go, and what hurt you?" anxiously cried Net-to way, following as quick as she could, and doubtless thinking him demented.

"Och, whist! whist! hould yer prate now, ye Judy, you. Don't spake to me, I kape telling of you! Havn't I joost seen the gossoon's mudher; and Franky and Nelly and the whule kit o'them, not a moon back. Blissed St. Patrick! but Larry's the happy mon this day! Av I could but sight the whisky trader now I'd get slewed as a boiled owl. Fall in! fall in! av ye've but a thimble full o' sinse left ye. Av yer not as blind as a beetle ye moost pursaive the young divil can't go to Chille chille—phat-d'ye call it, the day;" and without waiting longer, Larry, forgetting his weakness, made off for Wa ba sha's hut in long strides.

They soon reached again the line of cabins. The unusual sight of a white captive leading along a half-drowned Indian boy, brought crowds to their heels. Larry would waive off all explanation, or only cry "aff wid ye, now, ye black guard-!" but the girl stopped to explain, so that when Wa-ba-sha's lodge was reached, Larry had quite a following.

All soon grew quiet again, but the news speedily flew over this as well as neighboring hamlets; and Larry, who was known to have saved the life of Wa-cous-ta's adopted son at the risk of his own, was more popular than ever.

That chief came over from Chillecothe the same day, and after thanking his son's preserver most heartily, took Tu-te-lu home on the horse before him.

Wa-cous-ta had at first been very suspicious, and seemed anxious to know whether Larry had discovered who the boy really was; but the captive had that day found many opportunities for secret conferences, both with Net-to-way and the boy himself. He related to Tu-te-lu all he knew about his mother and Frankie and Nellie; told him that Kate, his oldest sister, had also been found, and that if he wished to escape and see them he must be "as close as a trap and as dark as a well." He must wait quietly till Nettoway would go over and tell him what to do, and he mustn't breathe a word to a living soul.

All the rest of the day Larry studiously kept aloof from the boy, only showing him by frequent kind and meaning glances that he was a friend.

The poor little fellow seemed in a daze the whole time. The news of mother, brothers and sister moved his tender child's heart to its very depths. Tears frequently filled his eyes, and he was evidently most anxious to talk and know more. A warning look from Larry, however, taught him the absolute necessity of silence.

When, at last, the time came for going home, Tu te lu seemed to be struggling with novel and contending emotions; and just as he was being lifted on the horse behind his putative father, he suddenly broke away, ran over to Larry, threw his arms tightly about his neck, and tearfully whispered, "I want to go to my mother."

"Whist-t-tl or you'll play the divil and break things! Not a word more on your life! Wait till Nettoway sees you," whispered back Larry while stooping to return his embrace. He then lifted the boy to the crupper, and went back into the lodge.

All this seemed not only very natural to the crowd around, but very creditable on the boy's part. Gratitude for kindness is a virtue as sedulously instilled into the hearts of Indian children by their parents as is the study of revenge for an injury. The last Larry saw of him was a sad, wistful face turned yearningly towards him.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE "HERMIT" DRAGGED TO TORTURE.

When the Hermit was driven over Killbuck Creek on the night of the battle with Girty, he was in a sad and desperate plight. Having been caught in the very act of cutting the ear off a prostrate foe, he had thus revealed himself as the mysterious and bloody avenger who had so long watched and desolated the Indian trails.

Had he despoiled his victims of their scalps it would have been pardonable—for this fate every warrior who trod the war-path was prepared. It was an honorable spoil, and their scalp locks were plumed and fashioned for any foe who had the skill or the hardihood to pluck them.

But to have the scalp of their dead untouched, despised, while an ear was preferred instead, was an open affront. It rankled in their hearts and excited an intense bitterness. Had it not been for the pleasure of inflicting the excruciating agonies of a long torture, the poor Hermit would have been sacrificed on the very spot where the insult was given. As it was, he was most dreadfully abused.

Surrounded by a crowd of infuriated savages, all anxious, too, to find a scapegoat for their crushing defeat, he was cursed and cuffed, taunted and kicked, mauled and buffeted and so shockingly maltreated that death were welcome if it only brought surcease of suffering.

Knives and tomahawks were flashed in his face, and one, more exasperated than the rest by the contemptuous silence and indifference of the hated victim, laid open his shoulder with the tomahawk. The Hermit snatched at the keen weapon at once, in the vain hope of provoking the warrior to another and more fatal stroke.

Poor fellow! what had he to live for! He had fed fat his revenge; all that he loved were murdered, and the savage torture was before him. Welcome death! but it was not so to come. The remorseless tomahawk was arrested, and the Hermit compelled to stumble and stagger on.

At the top of the bluff a brief pause was made to enable all the wounded to be carried off and all stragglers to be collected. The band was fearfully decimated; not a chief who was not badly wounded; scarcely a leading "brave" who would not to his dying day carry the scars of that dreadful conflict.

The rage and hate of the survivors was deep and quiet, but none the less terrible. Killbuck, it is true, had escaped, but here was one who was even more execrated than Killbuck. At one time Girty had come up, his begrimed face and fiery eyes giving him more the sinister aspect of a demon than of a man, and his deep voice, as he almost cursed out his orders, grumbling like the muttering of distant thunder.

The Hermit, in hopes of having his fate decided at once, ventured to pluck him by the skirt as he was walking past.

Girty turned on him like a wild beast, with a scowl, a growl and a gnash of teeth.

"Hands off! away with ye, ye carrion! Who dares stop Girty at such a time as this!"

"Only to ask the favor of a quick knife thrust or a pistol bullet at your hands," quietly replied the Hermit.

"And who are *you*, Sir?" queried the outlaw; "and what claim have you on me, that ye should ask such a favor, or that I should grant it. D—n ye, you've lived for years on Injun trails, and now you're to die the death on one. You cursed scoundrel, torture's too good for ye! I could fire the brands myself."

The Hermit shrank back before the devouring wrath of this bad man, but concluded to try one more appeal.

"I'm weak, bruised and suffering, and the blood's flowing down my back from a tomahawk gash. Have you no pity?"

"No!" hissed out Girty with a hoarse, fiendish laugh. "No, not a d—d hate so am *I* weak and bruised and suffering. Have lead all through me and gashes all over me. Who pities Girty?—Zane or Brady or Andy Poe or Sam McColloch? None; curse 'em all! If they had me now they'd crunch me like a rattlesnake. I've got to worry through, and why not you?"

"But, Girty—"

"Shut up your whining, I say! What's the end of all my plans?—one poor woman and a skulking dogger of trails and a murderer of Injuns—a foe that they've been hunting for years. What have ye done with all the ears you've cut off?—fried 'em? Ha! ha! and yet now you want to sneak out of the world by a bullet or a knife!"

No mercy in *that* breast! The Hermit was silenced. Girty sent a couple of men down to the creek to watch the enemy on the other side, and tell him at once if they attempted a crossing.

The march was then stealthily resumed and continued for a full hour, until a deep and savage gorge, lying a few hundred yards off the trail, was reached. To this wild and sequestered glen had Mrs. Malott and the children been conveyed; also the wounded—Blackhoof, Wingenund, and others, and here Girty sought the rest which had been so rudely disturbed.

Girty himself was badly, although not dangerously wounded. The most skillful "Medicine" was called in. One ball was found to have grazed the ribs and was lodged deep under the armpit. Its extraction was a matter of time, and was conducted amid groans and writhings, mingled with curses and grindings of teeth.

At length all his wounds and bruises were carefully dressed, and the exhausted and desperate Renegade sank into a fitful and unquiet slumber, broken by many a start and grumble.

The tired band were too terribly used-up for the customary dances. The Hermit, whose gaping wound was just sufficiently dressed to staunch the flow of blood, was securely bound hand and foot with thongs, and stretched between two of the most fierce and watchful warriors. A thong passed from the prisoner to each of his guards, so that his very slightest movement would disturb them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In a world like the present, one of the grandest occupations is that of giving condolence. We ought all of us to study this holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled. There are many who could look round upon some of their very best friends, who wish them well, and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCOTLER.

Softly the twilight hour descends,
And not a sound is borne upon the air,
Day with the purple shades of evening blends,
And over all there seems the breath of prayer.
And perfumed breezes gently round us play,
Lest they should wake to life the expiring day.

The shadows wrap us in their friendly robes,
We yield unto the influence of the hour,
And listen in a thoughtful, dreamy way,
To the soft wind kissing leaf and flower.
Till the pale moon rises from her lowly bed,
And stars begem the blue sky overhead.

Who has not felt the influence of the hour,
Which bids us lay all wearing cares aside,
And woos us to commun'on with that Power
Which guides our bark o'er life's tempestuous tide,
And wakens in our hearts what God has given,
Pure thought, our only glimpses of Heaven?

HARD TIMES!

OR,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.

Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

CELIA BURKE'S TRIALS.

Dismissed, as we have seen her, from Madame Derveux's establishment, Celia Burke was without regular employment, nor could she obtain it at other places where she applied.

"No more help was needed; the times were too dull," she was invariably told.

There was truth in this, as Celia knew; but there was more truth in something that she did not know, namely, that Madame Derveux was determined that the girl she had so unjustly discharged should not be received as a worker elsewhere, if it could be prevented.

Accordingly, therefore, in addition to denying her a recommendation, the heartless woman had contrived to create a prejudice against Celia among other *modistes;* and the injured girl found herself in disfavor everywhere.

It is so easy for the artful tongue of malice and detraction to damage the reputation of another, especially if the victim is a friendless girl.

Celia consequently had nothing but her irregular work in private families, and that did not prove adequate for the support of herself and sister.

One evening, quite discouraged, she entered the room where the latter lay.

The evidence of her discouragement was to be seen in Celia's despondent visage, for the wan smile she wore was a disguise too thin to conceal her real feelings.

The sad, patient face of her suffering sister was raised more anxiously than ever to her own.

"Tell me all that troubles you, Celia," pleaded the invalid.

"I would not, Dora, only that I see you imagine the worst. We have not come to that yet, but I fear that our prospects are darkening. Oh, dear sister! can I not even provide you longer with these modest comforts?"

She glanced around upon the room.

It was small—a third-story front—very plainly furnished, yet with a certain taste and neatness that gave it an air, pleasant and home-like, and often lacking in more pretentious apartments.

The furniture belonged to Celia—or to both rather, for what was one's was the other's also. A white draped bed, a large lounge, forming a couch on which Dora lay, a bureau and dressing-table, two or three chairs, and a small stove, were the main articles of furniture.

A sewing machine — that suitable symbol in this iron age of many a woman's dependence—we must not forget to mention, was another noticeable object.

In this room since their mother's death—their father having died years before—had the sisters found a home. Celia had provided a support for herself and nobly done the same for her sister.

Here they had lived for more than a year, comfortably and tastefully, and not unhappily, though Celia's romantic and yearning nature had at times longed for better things. Dreams would rise in her young heart, as, thank God! they do in the hearts of us all, while youth is ours, and she would feel that her lot was very poor, and bare, and common. But duty and affection showed her that she must labor; and in her toil, she found some of the rare sweetness that comes to everyone who perform well what is required of them.

Their landlady was a stern, unsociable, practical woman, who dealt strictly and honestly with her boarders, and expected them to do the same by her. She liked Celia and Dora, and would continue to like them—as long as they promptly paid their bills for board. It was a rigid rule with her never to trust; if her boarders could not pay, they could go.

As for the sisters, they were quite satisfied with their landlady. She was cleanly, and that was enough. They found in themselves companionship, sympathy, and the tender and humanizing exchanges of sentiment and feeling. If Mrs. Miggs—unlike many landladies—provided well-prepared and wholesome food, *albeit,* it was sometimes simple in kind and not over-abundant, they were grateful.

But now Celia and Dora were threatened with a deprivation of these things. Their tasteful room, which had become like a little home spot to them, they might not much longer be able to hold.

Dora, helpless, and feeling herself a burden to her sister, though she doubted not her affection, was anguished at the prospect. Not selfishly, but because she saw that Celia, with none but herself to support, could get along very well. To feel that her helplessness must be the cause of further privation to another was very trying to the sensitive girl.

Celia saw what was passing in her sister's mind.

"Don't look so sad, Dora," she said, endeavoring to assume a more cheerful aspect herself. "There will be more to do after awhile; the times will improve."

"You could do very well, I do not doubt, replied Dora, with a sigh, as she thought of her own helplessness; "if you were not so burdened with me. Perhaps I shall not be such a trouble to you much longer."

Celia glanced at the invalid in a frightened, deprecating way.

"Dora, Dora, do not talk so," she cried; "you pain me beyond measure. You are all the world to me; I should die of loneliness and longing without you."

"If I were only well and able to help you, it would be different."

"Your affliction is very trying to you and to me, but it must be borne patiently. Perhaps you will be better soon."

"Never Celia, I fear or hope."

"Dora!"

"Since I cannot recover, I mean. What will you do, Celia, if you can find no work and have yourself and me to support?"

"I am indeed discouraged," said Celia, sadly. "I am not entirely without work, but the trouble is that very few will pay me, almost every one seems to make the panic an excuse for putting me off without payment. They promise me, but I cannot live on promises alone. Yet these same ladies are on the street, shopping, nearly every day, hunting bargains while prices are low. I, and such as I, must wait. It is very hard. I cannot *beg* for my poor wages, it is hard enough to earn them; I *cannot* say that I *must* have them or starve; I feel demeaned to picture my necessities so closely. I think that some of those who owe me do not really mean to be unkind; they are only thoughtless. They imagine too, from the talk they hear from their husbands and brothers, perhaps, then they are actually suffering because of the business depression, and must therefore economize. Ah! me, as if any but the poor and dependent ever *did* suffer from panics and failures!"

"I believe that honest people of all degrees, who become involved, suffer in such times as the present, the rich as well as the poor."

"You do, Dora? Well, it may be, there are different kinds of suffering. It must hurt a proud, honest man to give up his grand business establishment and his splendid home, and come down to plainer things, if not actual poverty; but few do it."

"Mr. Chaswick has done it, I see by a statement here," said Dora, pointing to a paper that lay on her couch.

"Mr. Chaswick?" echoed Celia, and the name thrilled her strangely.

Since the night of her rescue from the ruffian by Nelson Chaswick, she had heard his name mentioned, and had seen it in the papers. She knew that her rescuer and the individual there mentioned were the same, for the card that Mr. Chaswick had given her chanced to be a business one, and so, in consequence of this mistake, she was able to connect the facts.

But what was Nelson Chaswick to her that the utterance of his name by another should so move her? Nothing, save that his image had often risen in her mind since he had acted as her champion, and she more than once had found herself thinking how sweet, how glorious it must be to know and love one like him—to be known and loved.

But she was only a sewing girl—a working girl—she reflected. What could it profit her to think of one like him?

Nothing, save that it fed the hunger of her heart to muse upon such an ideal.

"Yes," said Dora, in reply to her sister's ejaculation. "It is stated that both he and Mr. Lamoyle have been stripped by the panic of all their property; that some could have been saved to them under the law, but that both insisted upon the full and immediate payment of their creditors."

"You talk like a business man, Dora. How did you ever learn so?" observed Celia, in admiration and some surprise.

"I have little that I can do, you know," she answered, "and so, since my eyes are stronger, I read and study the papers. Little Johnny Lake brings me *yesterday's* issue regularly."

"It is kind in Johnny. But what more about Mr. Chaswick, Dora? Oh, I knew *he* was an honest man!" she exclaimed, with an earnestness that struck her sister's attention forcibly. "I just wish you could *see* him, Dora. There are not many men so noble looking as he on the street, and that he *is* noble, and good, and gentlemanly—no, not that; what he appears to be, I know."

Dora's wan face assumed a smiling expression; her sister's enthusiasm was something unusual, and the more remarkable from her recent depression.

"Yes," remarked Dora, "I think Mr. Chaswick must be a true man. His service to you; his appearance as described by you; the general commendation the journals give him; and his published action towards his creditors, all show his noble character. You see now, Celia, that there may be other victims—real victims—of the panic than the poor and obscure like ourselves."

"Yes," admitted Celia, thoughtfully; "but none of these feel the reality of want as we may. And that brings us back to the consideration of our case. Our board is due, Dora, and I have no money to pay it with. Mrs. Miggs will have no mercy upon us, I know. Her heart is as hard as a pawnbroker's. Some of our furniture will have to go; she told me long ago that any time we could not pay her in money she would take *that.*"

"At a sacrifice, Celia, of course," said Dora, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, but she will allow us to redeem it, if possible. Do not look so sad, dear sister. I may find better work and pay soon, and then all will be well again. If I cannot, we have some other valuables to dispose of; we will not starve, Dora."

"I think of the long, long winter, Celia. Oh, it was cruel for Madame Derveux to send you away as she did."

"She had a reason for it; I am sure that I have not yet fathomed. But speak no more of Madame Derveux; she is my enemy; I feel it. I would not return to her again, if she were to ask me, unless for your sake, Dora, for your sake."

At this juncture a step was heard outside, and a rap on the door of their room followed. Celia arose and opened it.

Mrs. Miggs stood there, with a frown on her hard face.

"Tea is ready, Miss Ceely," she said. "Didn't you hear the bell?"

No, they had not heard it; they had been too much engrossed with the subject of their troubles.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. GILLESPIE'S PARTY.

It was near the close of December now. To pass along the streets and go into the stores or look into the windows, one would not think that there could be privation and suffering in the city.

It did not seem either that business had been depressed. Trade was apparently active; the shop-windows were as gay as ever; places of amusement were crowded; the churches were filled with richly dressed people; in fact, everything seemed to go on as in what were termed prosperous times.

But there *was* a difference, though the outside aspect of life was not materially altered. The jewelers, the picture sellers, all who ministered to needs and tastes of that order, complained greatly. Fine imported goods, especially of ladies' wear, rich dresses, etc., found slow sale.

The panic had made many cautious, if it had not otherwise affected them. Some of the real sufferers from it we have seen—we shall see more. In the present chapter our readers will be conducted to gayer scenes.

Mrs. Rodman Gillespie was a lady of fashion, delighting in nothing so much as social pleasure and extravagance of living.

Her husband's wealth was very great, yet he used it all, or nearly all, in selfish expenditures. He never gave except when he could not get out of it. He sneered at charitable objects and associations—poor people were better off if left to take care of themselves. They could do it if they would; if provided for by others, they grew to expect it.

Said Mr. Gillespie one evening to his wife:

"Isaac Waln was bothering me to-day for another five hundred; he seems to have knowledge of all the woes of the universe, and thinks he must try to mitigate them. I tell him there will be suffering; he might as well try to prevent sinning. People are so shiftless and improvident."

"You didn't give him the money, did you?" asked Mrs. Gillespie, anxiously.

"Oh, no; I put him off this time."

"I'm glad of that, for I want all you have to spare for our party. I intend it shall be the most brilliant one of the season."

"I trust it will prove so; I hate second-rate affairs."

"Do not limit me in my allowances for it then," said Mrs. Gillespie, with a smile.

"I won't, unless you are too ambitious. Some might say, and I suppose will, that, since there is such a wail about the hard times, we ought to moderate our indulgences. But, whose business is it if I pay my bills—everybody will be glad enough to come."

"You may be sure of that; but everybody will not get here. I intend to be very select in my invitations."

"Whom are you going to ask, my dear?"

"Oh, I can't enumerate."

"Mr. Nelson Chaswick?" interpolated Mr. Gillespie, with a laugh. "Since his failure, Miss Helen Deane doesn't see him as often as she used to. Is their engagement really broken?"

"So it is said."

"That shows what love is made of," laughed Mr. Gillespie. "When young Chaswick was ruined in the panic, and old Mr. Lamoyle lost his fortune also, Miss Deane's affections suddenly cooled."

"But, do you wonder at it, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gillespie, as if she thought it would be very absurd to wonder. "A young lady of Helen's tastes and position, used to luxury and extravagance as she is, could not trust to the uncertainties of his regaining his fortune, and, of course, saw that it would be very unwise to marry him."

"I give her credit for exercising her wisdom. She cut the bond at once, I suppose, and is now on the look out for a new alliance."

"Helen is determined to marry rich, if her father is so wealthy himself."

"I don't know about Mr. Deane being in reality the millionaire he pretends to be," remarked Mr. Gillespie, dubiously. "It may be that his daughter has had a private intimation of the true state of his affairs, and is thus made to see the necessity of seeking a good match."

"The Deanes not wealthy!" exclaimed Mrs. Gillespie. "Look at the style they live in, and have long lived in."

"Yes, I know; but—but—never mind, my dear. What more about your party?"

"Well, I intend to ask Mrs. Agatha Chaswick, our somewhat eccentric neighbor, though I am afraid she will decline to come. But she is very rich, and very interesting—a favorite in society, too, though she goes so little—and if I can secure her attendance, she will be a sort of lion—or lioness—on the occasion. Oh, I must have her."

"You will be lucky if you get her. By the way, is this lady in any degree related to young Mr. Chaswick—by blood, I mean? They are of the same name."

"Mr. Gillespie!" exclaimed his wife.

"Well?" interrogated he.

"I am astonished at you."

"Why, my dear? Explain yourself?"

"Your ignorance!"

"My ignorance! Of what?"

"Haven't you heard the news yet, when all the world is talking it over? It is said that Mrs. Chaswick receives the attentions of young Mr. Chaswick as a lover."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Gillespie, greatly interested. "They are not relations, then? I'm sure I thought they must be; they look enough alike; though I am favored with a view of Mrs. Chaswick's face so seldom, that I hardly remember how she does look."

"I should think you would not forget, once having seen her. She has a very striking face."

"Why does she seclude herself so from society?"

"That no one knows. There is supposed to be a romance in her life; and that, in addition to her evident refinement, her great wealth, and her other attractions, makes her a very fascinating character. She is known to be fond of society, though she is irregular in her recognition of its claims upon her."

"And the talk is, that young Mr. Chaswick, so soon after being jilted by Miss Deane, has become a suitor of this charming widow?"

"That is the talk, my dear; and it is said that Miss Deane, notwithstanding her business like severance of her relations with Mr. Chaswick, is very much displeased with his present suit."

"The selfish creature! It's woman-like, I suppose, though."

"Don't be hard on the sex, my dear," expostulated Mrs. Gillespie; "somehow, I understand Helen's feelings."

"Somehow, I do, too," laughed he. "She would like him to dangle after her, hopelessly, of course, for awhile yet, and then commit suicide, or die more gradually of disappointed hopes, and all that. I approve of Mr. Chaswick's course. Let him win the wealthy widow, and he will have something in life yet."

Mrs. Gillespie abandoned the subject at this point, and returned to the discussion of the matter of her proposed party. Her husband united with her in all her plans, and seemed as anxious as herself that the occasion should be a surpassing one.

The evening of the entertainment arrived at last.

The Gillespie mansion on beautiful Broad street was all ablaze with lights, waiting to receive its guests. Carriage after carriage drove up, from which the fair and fashionable and their escorts alighted, eager to reach the gay scene.

The spacious rooms were well filled, but not crowded—that would have been vulgar. The *elite* of the city had alone been favored with invitations. The assemblage was indeed very brilliant. Many a Flora McFlimsey was there, who, though they had "nothing to wear," managed, paradoxically, to appear in rich and elegant toilets.

How many of the sons and daughters of wealth and fashion, thus congregated, gave a thought to the suffering and destitute, who, at the same hour, in cheerless refuges languished around them, we cannot say; but not all of the gay throng were insensible to the contrast their own position would present to that of many others—many, who until this trying winter, had never known privation. To the minds of some of Mrs. Gillespie's guests, we doubt not, came the sober reflection that the lavish display they were witnessing was hardly in keeping with Christian character. The music, the flowers, the table, the extravagance of dress and decoration made a most festive scene, but there was a certain hardness in all this brilliancy that pained the thoughtful witness and participant.

Helen Deane was one of the number.

In close attendance upon her was Wilbur Burton, son of the banker whose dishonest failure we have recorded. He was a young man of elegant appearance so far as related to dress and person, but of decidedly inferior intellectual endowments.

He seemed to be quite vain of his accepted devotion to Miss Deane; though the latter was not so entirely pleased with him, she managed to smile as if his attentions were the most agreeable.

"Miss Deane soon found another love. I should call him that," said Mr. Fitz Stubbins to the lady at his side. "It really looks as if she might be engaged again."

"Oh, not that," replied the lady. "She probably wishes to console herself for the equanimity with which Mr. Chaswick survives their broken engagement. She wouldn't take him herself, on account of his reduced circumstances, and yet she can't endure to have him taken by another."

"It will make precious little difference to Mr. Chaswick. Ah! here he comes now, with the fascinating widow on his arm. What a pity she isn't younger! See, they approach Miss Deane. Let us observe if they speak."

The eyes of these two, and indeed of many others, were turned upon Nelson Chaswick and his distinguished-looking companion, who had just entered the apartment together.

Many present were anxious to see how Miss Deane and her late lover would meet.

A cold, proud nod was the only recognition he extended her. She returned the same, but it was observed that she was very pale and secretly agitated.

Mr. Chaswick did not introduce his companion; he passed on with her, followed by admiring glances from many eyes, and a sudden, wicked flash from Helen Deane's.

Nelson Chaswick looked proud and happy. He gazed into the dark sad eyes of the beautiful woman at his side, with that mute understanding of expression that shows such felicitous relationship. He did not repress, he could not repress his admiration and love for Mrs. Chaswick. His face, both grave and glowing, revealed—as he did not care if it did—his feelings and emotions.

But they were misunderstood by many; to others his conduct was puzzling.

"What a splendid man Mr. Chaswick is," whispered one lady to another. "I feel as if I could love him for his physical perfection alone."

"You could?" laughed the other. "Well, I had some such thought myself; but you would get more than that in him."

"And is he really courting that widow?"

"No; how absurd! I don't care what the talk is, I am sure it is another kind of love he bears her. Besides, she looks like his mother. Mrs. Chaswick had but one child—a daughter—I understand, and so of course he can't be her son; but I do not see how any man could marry a woman who resembles him so strongly in personal appearance, and at the same time is old enough to be his mother. There is nothing of the lover in the relations of those two, I will warrant."

"That is, you mean there is no thought of marriage between them."

"Yes."

"I had not thought of anything else; you have changed the current of my ideas."

Many an other exchange of remarks and opinions, similar or dissimilar to these, but chiefly dissimilar, was made as the subjects of them passed through the rooms.

They had made their way under the arched division from the first to the second parlor, and had paused in the mellow glow of the chandelier, whose many burners, globe on globe, seemed to soar, and yet to remain fixed, above them.

Suddenly Mrs. Chaswick grasped the young man's arm convulsively.

He turned quickly toward her.

She was not looking up to him, but straight forward, her face death-white, her eyes dilating, the whole expression of her countenance that of surprise and terror.

He directed his gaze where her own rested.

Then he saw another face, such a face! it was that of a female Mephistopheles. The features were dark, glowing and surprised. A look of recognition and of most vindictive triumph quickly succeeded, and the owner of the face advanced, her eyes glaring with hate, upon Mrs. Chaswick.

"We have met again!" hissed the stranger, seeming to forget her surroundings, everything but the presence of the lady she had just recognized.

The latter shrunk from her—in terror, in horror it seemed.

A faint cry escaped her lips, and then she sunk to the floor in a swoon, like death, with that expression of horrified dismay pictured on her features.

And instantly the whole room was filled with confusion and excitement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOLLS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Playthings, especially puppets, were so entirely, in the opinion of the ancients, the distinctive attributes of childhood, that they not only lavished them upon their children during life, but dared not separate them from them after death. Enter this tomb, the path of which is still strewed with flowers, raise this stone which is covered with a gilt inscription; a young child reposes there, and beside it a little silver-tuned bell, a splendidly-dressed doll, and all the playthings of its life. "Go, my son," the mother had said; "death has taken thee from my love; but, arrived at the fields of happiness, thou shalt have wherewith to charm thy infancy, and recall to thy heart thine abode among thy friends on the earth."

How touching and poetical was this custom! It was retained by the earliest Christians, and it is from their tombs we ought to derive our ideas of ancient sepulchres. In their cemeteries the playthings of infancy have been found. They were numerous and various, attached within or without to the sepulchres of children of both sexes. They are preserved in the *Museum Christianum* of the Vatican.

These playthings consisted of puppets of ivory or of bone, such as were found in great numbers in the coffin of Maria, the daughter of Stilicon, and wife of the Emperor Honorius, which was uncovered in 1544, in the cemetery of the Vatican. The body of the young princess was wrapped in golden tissues; beside her a silver casket contained the articles of her toilet; and finally, ivory dolls, whose presence can be explained only by the ancient custom, according to which young girls consecrated their dolls to Venus before contracting marriage. In this is revealed in a marked manner the part of the doll in the amusements of childhood. The great offering, the solemn sacrifice of the Roman virgins to Venus, at the moment of marriage, was a doll. By this they hoped to propitiate the goddess, and obtain from her a fortunate marriage.

OLD TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

The various laws which were frequently enacted in Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to check drunkenness, or, at least, immoderate drinking of wine and spirits, proved utterly abortive, owing to the social life of the middle ages, which was chiefly based upon *quaffing*.

Charlemagne himself was obliged to order that the counts and margraves should at least be sober when sitting in courts of justice, while the German emperors were, at their coronation ceremony, asked, "whether they promise, by the help of God, to lead a sober life!" Indeed, all the laws and regulations of the sixteenth century were mainly directed against *drunkenness*, but not against *drinking*. Even Luther was no enemy to wine; witness the large goblet (still extant at Nuremburg) which he presented to his friend Jonas.

A temperance society was at last formed by the aristocracy of the sixteenth century, and the following were among the rules:

1. To drink daily only fourteen cups of wine.
2. Italian, Spanish or hot-spiced wines are prohibited beyond one cup a day, which must be deducted from the daily allowance.
3. For the further quenching of thirst beer is allowed.
4. These fourteen cups must not be drunk at once, but after at least three intervals.

SHAKSPERE'S WOMEN.

Shakspere has no heroes—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry V, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage, and the still slighter Valentine, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." In his labored and perfect plays, we have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating the heroic type. Coriolanus, Cæsar, Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities; Hamlet is indolent and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in "King Lear," is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose. Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Silvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless—conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

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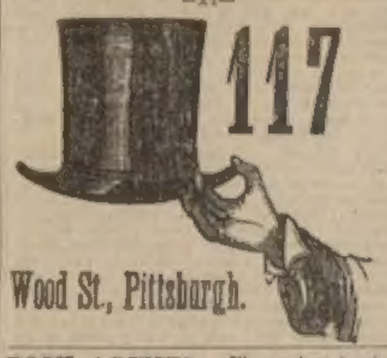
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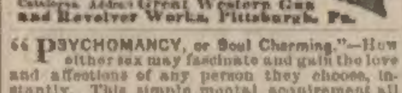
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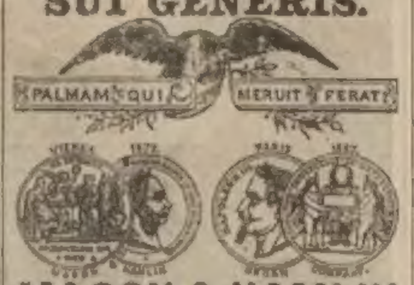

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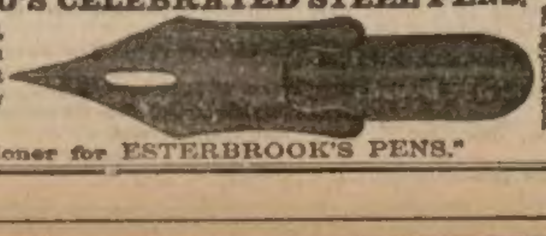
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HOW PARKER SEALE WENT IN SEARCH OF A FORTUNE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BADGER.

A true story this, however fact be upholstered in fiction!

Taking refuge in the canoe was Frank's idea. It is the very afternoon for boating. And they are alone at last.

"Dear me!" cries Caroline, not replying to his look, which, thereupon, changes from tenderness to disappointment, "mamma cannot have sent that boy! It's impossible."

Is it though?

Ten years old. Sturdy of body and mind, and correspondingly inquiring, observant and troublesome, is Caroline Seale's only brother.

"*Enfant terrible!*" mutters the gentleman, very busy indeed with the painter. "He is a dear little fellow, Carrie," he adds, remorsefully, "but he will be dreadfully in the way."

"And just as we thought, Frank," she responds, relieved by this concession—"just as we thought we had, at last, contrived to be alone."

The unwelcome one arriving makes his appeal to Frank, and that from as far as he can be heard.

"Uncle Frank! Uncle Frank!"—thus saluteth he, from force of habit, and in the innocence of childhood, his future brother-in-law—"mamma said I might go, too, if you were willing, and sister didn't object. Please, Uncle Frank? I haven't had a row since we came to the Grange."

Frank Thomas looks at the bright face, and his thoughts travel back to his own babyhood. For a moment he is ashamed of himself.

"Tumble in, small man."

"See here," says Parker; "I be brought my new book—'Tatter de Malion, or the Newsboy Prince.' Popper bought it. He said the bookseller told him it was a good book—just the right kind of a book for a boy like me. It's full of pictures; and it tells how Tatter was so poor he had to sell papers; and how he got so rich, he lived in a bigger house than popper's. And I'm going to read it. I won't bother sister and you not one bit."

He keeps his word. And the trip is pleasant after all.

The creek grows narrower, the woods come closer to the bank. The boughs reach out as if kindly to shelter the boat from the sun. The water is a green mirror.

Scarce a sound, save the plash of oars, breaks the afternoon stillness. The canoe floats on as if it bore them through a dream. Perhaps it does.

If it be a dream, the awakening is rather a rude one. They are back again, now that the sunlight is growing golden, and the shadows long. On the bank stands Mr. Seale, whom his daughter, and soon-to-be-son-in-law, prepare to greet joyfully, and to whom his son runs, throwing Tatter's life and adventures over his head, and shouting:

"This is a bully book. Thank you papa!"

His father repulses him greatly to his amazement yet he does not cry for the repulse was not an unkind one and he sees that there is trouble somewhere.

"Frank."

"Yes, sir!" with a look of wonder.

"You should have been in town to-day. I am surprised to find you here—No man should desert his post in time of danger."

"Sir!"

"If you knew that your firm must fail——"

"My firm fail?"

"You will hardly pretend that you did not foresee it."

"Mr. Seale, I—sir—you cannot be jesting!"

"On such a subject? No sir. There is the paper."

"Oh Frank!" Carrie comes to him and slips her arm within his, leaning her weight upon him, and read the bad news with him. Now for the first time she feels that he is trembling from head to foot.

"It will make no difference to me Frank," she whispers, and in the midst of his sore troubles the young man smiles, caressing within his own the two fair hands, clasped together in his arm, as if they never, never meant to be disengaged. Yet, even as he smiles, shaking his head, he sighs painfully.

"Do you doubt me? Will it, father?"

"It will my child, in your worldly prospects—a great difference."

"But not—not in our love, father, dear!"

Mr. Seale does not answer. The match was a brilliant one even for his daughter.

It would be a disappointment and down-coming to have Caroline a poor man's wife, and Frank must begin the world again. With this knowledge leaving Mrs. Seale in strong hysterics on the sofa, her husband came out to meet the lovers.

"Caroline," Frank says, looking at his watch as quietly now as if they were going to the opera. "The train stops at Crombie's station in ten minutes. If this news is true, and news it is to me, as to you, my fate is in your hands again as it was that day in the conservatory. I release you. I must bear that trouble with the rest."

She makes him no answer. But she keeps her hands tight locked in his arms.

"The cars."

"Come then."

She will not be shaken off. She will go with him to the station which is near by. She lifts her lips to meet his in full view of the 6.45 passengers who are inexpressibly gratified; and as he kisses her she whispers, "I will never release *you*, Frank, while life lasts."

So the train goes shrieking away with him, and she back to a scene with her rather worldly and ambitious mother and with her affectionate but anxious and yielding father.

There are long days of miserable waiting and hoping. On one of them, from an interview with her mother, Caroline, rushing away to her own room, almost falls over little Parker, who trying to detain her had surely failed, but for seizing in his desperation the airy fabric of her dress. With woman's instinct of self preservation, sister stops to disengage the audacious little brown hand, and in so doing sees the other little brown hand holding up a bright steel purse, through the meshes of which, in the sunshine streaming in at the hall window, gleams gold. The gold and the purse she recognizes as Parker's great treasures.

"Sister, please, dear, see if Uncle Frank——"

The little fellow gets no further. He is caught up in the fair arm and partially suffocated by the kisses for which half the young gentlemen in society have been madly envying Frank for two seasons.

"No darling. You blessed, blessed little brother!" she whispers while the child winks, as her tears fall into his eyes. "You are too young to understand. But it would not help Uncle Frank. He must have, oh! a thousand times, yes ten thousand times as much as you have here."

Then she is gone, leaving the boy looking alternately at her closed door and his own rejected purse.

Troubles never come singly. After three more evenings have brought Mr. Seale home, dreading the misery before him, he comes home to greater misery still; for when the carriage meets him at the depot, Caroline is in it crying. He thinks she might have waited till he reached the house to worry him, and remembers how he envied the laboring man, whom, as the train glided out of the city, he saw welcomed home by a delegation of toddling wee things and a smiling wife.

"Father dear, Parker is missing!"

"Missing?"

"He has not been near the house since breakfast time."

There is "trouble and no release" to-night at "the Grange." Messengers mounted and on foot scour the country; telegrams flash along the wires; men are ordered to drag the creek; the police are notified. Poor Carrie forgets her old trouble in her new one, or rather she blends both into one, and next morning while the creek is being dragged, and her mother, after the fit of hysterics, is recruiting her strength for the next one, the young lady quietly walks away to a neighboring village and despatches the postmaster's pretty daughter with a note to Frank Thomas, imploring him to come to her. She expects him with her messenger. She is at the station when the train comes in.

There, Kitty Wiggins is getting out. Caroline's face lights up. She hurries to meet—only Kitty! and down sinks her heart again.

"He was gone away, miss, to Chicago; but I left the note."

Gone! and without a word to her! She wishes Kitty Wiggins had brought the note back with her, and goes home very proud, very miserable.

Meantime, as we know exactly where to look, we point the reader to a small object traveling along a turnpike road towards a great river. The lost boy is quietly making his way toward the metropolis, with what aim his future course must develop.

Last night, after leaving the cars, he avoided going to a hotel, and asked a woman at the door of a neat cottage if she would give him shelter. She it was who told him how, by walking a few miles, he could get on board a steamboat and so finish his journey more cheaply than by the cars. And next morning, after giving him a capital breakfast, she kissed him, and told her children he was a good boy, who was trying to earn money for his poor mother and sister, and stood with them at the door watching him till he was out of sight.

He reaches the town in ample time for the steamboat, dines at a confectioner's simply on ice cream and cake, inquires his way to the wharf, and when his vessel arrives, goes on board, like a little Columbus setting out for an unknown world. He has his steel purse with him, but his object is to increase, not to diminish, its shining contents, and when, with a feeling of great manliness and size upon him, he first steps up, and then reaches up, to the captain's office to settle, he is very careful to see that nobody snatches away his treasure, and that none of it gets lost. He is so very careful that he does not observe a flashy young man, with a dissipated look, who, however, observes him narrowly, and whom he in turn does observe, half an hour later, on being accosted by him in reference to the best hotel in the great city.

Parker remembers to have heard his father say that the Ornamental and the Kriss Kringle were equally good, and he unhesitatingly gives the inquiring young man that information.

"Yes, sir. Thank ye, sir. Live in the city, sir?"

"No," says Parker, "but I go there on business. I am going there on business now;" and he is very indignant at an old lady who overhears this statement and glances at him quizzically, but looks elsewhere on meeting his stern eye.

The flashy young man, with a dissipated look, does not show any disposition to quiz him. He takes a great interest in him; asks if he will have a cigar, and when he declines, hopes that he won't mind his smoking; also volunteers the information that in the metropolis many young gents, not near his age, smoke like a house afire.

Parker is not, after all his reading, to be deceived by confidence games, or gulled by sharpers, but the flashy young man, with a dissipated look, is frank and honest and good-natured; and as Parker, little by little, tells him his story, takes such an increasing interest in him that the boy rejoices to have found a friend. When his companion promises to go with him to call on Caroline, after she is married, and has moved into the brown stone house, which he is to buy, the first thing, for her and Uncle Frank, Parker is delighted—far more delighted than Caroline is likely to be, should the visit ever be paid. When the city comes in sight, Parker finds that his dreadful sense of loneliness and homesickness is gone.

"And now I'll tell you what I'll do with you," says the flashy young man. "The truth is, that I *have* got a friend what keeps a nice place in a quiet way, here in town, and I'd have went right there, on'y 'tain't fash'nable 'nuff for me. I'm death on style, I am."

Parker looks at him critically, and remembering Uncle Frank's usual appearance, is inclined to think his estimate of himself correct.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do with you," the flashy young man resumes. "As you say you want to save money where you can, and as this place is a nice, clean place, no vulgarity, nor police, nor nothin' like that about it, why, I'll tell you *what* I'll do with you. I'll do this with you; I'll take you there and introduce you as a friend of mine, and we'll stay there together to-night, and in the morning I'll help you look out for a business. How'll that do?"

"The troubles of both are forgotten."

It not only will do, but it is done. Parker is glad to find a cheap place, though he hardly agrees with his friend that it is a nice one; and he is right for a viler rookery scarce exists, even in the metropolis. But the child is too hungry and sleepy to be critical; he makes a good supper, thanks to his youth, and retires to his own bed early, not sorry to find that his companion will sleep in the other one—for there are two in the room. Before he lies down he specially prays for the sister whom he loves so dearly; dreams all night of home, and wakes to find the sun shining brightly in, and—a coarse shirt, an old cap, a worn-out jacket, and trousers at his bedside, and everything else he had in the world last night, gone with the flashy young man.

In half an hour he has been kicked into the street by the landlord, ordered to move on by the policeman, and is wandering about the city in despair.

And this is the first step towards the fortune he was to make for sister and Uncle Frank! In vain, as he walks idly on in his wretchedness, does he remember that Tode and Tatter, and Ham Bugg were served as he has been served, and were all the better for it, if anything made money by it. In vain does he look about for gentlemen to drop bags of gold, and adopt him as their son for running after them with that property. In vain does he look even for the gentleman to look at him in return. Noon draws on, and he is faint and hungry; but it never occurs to him to beg; and, strange to say, all the good looks to the contrary; it never occurs to anybody to invite him to dinner.

Yes it does, though. It occurs to Conny Dougherty. Conny is a crossing sweeper. All the morning with a strong hand and a light heart, he has been plying his broom for money, which the cultured Christian people of the city kindly send every now and then to his old reprobate of an aunt, to [illegible] him with. This morning Conny has done unusually well, has had a windfall, in fact, and contemplates supplementing his dinner with certain horribly repulsive dainties from a neighboring stall. He is about buying a ball of popcorn, when poor Parker's woe-begone face strikes him.

"Say, sonny, want some?"

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cries Parker. "I am nearly starved."

On comparing notes, he and Conny find that their respective ideas of being nearly starved, differ; but conversation leads to confidence, and as the gentleman's son tells his romance, the eyes and heart of the drunken washerwoman's nephew, both open to the fullest extent.

"Come," says Conny, "I can't give you no money; for unless I take what I've got back to Granny (the reason I do call her granny is she's my aunt), I'll get licked; but I can set you up in business."

It is Parker's turn to marvel now. His father's remarks about setting people up in business, lead him to wonder in which of the granite and marble buildings about them Conny means to establish him, rent free and stock paid for.

Conny lends him his broom.

"Do you wish you may die if you steal it?"

"Indeed I won't steal it; but what am I to do with it?"

"Do? Why sweep with it."

"Sweep what?" asks Parker, looking up at the chimnies.

"Divil fly away wid ye!" cries Conny, reproducing a favorite blandishment of his aunt's. "Isn't it green ye are? Sweep the crossin', boy! What yer talkin' about? Do you see I often want to sell afternoon papers, but Granny, she says 'No; you stay an' sweep,' and she hangs about to watch." Parker looked round apprehensively. "Don't you be afeard. She ain't on hand now; 'taint her time. But she's near sighted, an' if she sees a boy here she'll think its me."

"Oh, Conny, she'll know me for you."

"No. She dasn't come close, for fear the people 'ud see her, and then they'd not give nothing. Say, will yer? You may have half of all you make. No," said Conny, with a burst of generosity, "you're in trouble, and I won't charge you no rent for the broom. I can make that an' more sellin' papers."

Oh, Conny Dougherty, how many of the gentleman, whose pathway you purify, would not have charged "rent for the broom?"

"Say, little mister, will yer?"

Parker says, "Yes, and thank you, kindly," and does.

Conny goes, but returns like an actor making a false exit.

"Hi! little mister, do you wish yer may die if yer steal it?"

Reassured, Conny has another false exit. "Say, little mister, don't yer git runned over." And then he is away to speculate in the evening papers.

His friendly caution was not supererogatory. Twice Parker has to leap for his life before his friend returns. When that event happens, the street is deserted and sunless. Eleven pennies are jingling in Parker's right pocket; and Conny ought to have done better. But he has not. Like other speculators in that neighborhood, Conny's ambition has proved his ruin. He has a great surplus of papers under his arm, a great deficit of funds in his pocket, and a beating from his aunt in his mind's eye. Unhesitatingly, Parker offers him his eleven pennies.

"Divil a time," says Conny. It is to be deplored that he uses inelegant language, but he does. "Come down by the river, little mister. There's a nice cool place there under a lively arch on the way to the ferry stairs. Let's set down there an' try an' cipher this thing out."

They sit down, side by side, as the shades of evening steal over the water; and the lights in the houses on the further shore gleam out one by one. The air from the river refreshes them; but the quiet soothes them. They are both weary, for the day has been intensely warm. The drowsiness that many of those who heeded them no more to-day than the stones they swept, will seek to-night in vain, steals over them deliciously. Their talk flags; their heads drop; their eyelids fall—are lifted—fall again; Conny's face is bowed upon his arms, Parker's head rests on his shoulder—and the troubles of both are forgotten.

But at home—at Parker's home—the trouble is not forgotten. It is the third day now since his disappearance, and already the newspapers are getting the particulars, commenting upon them; speculating in them. The Doncaster Twaddler has made the best hit, so far, in a long article, showing, on the authority of a young colored woman, formerly a servant in the family, that the missing boy has been abducted by his own sister's affianced husband, in order to compel the bereaved father advance funds. This, with other journalism on the subject, kindly forwarded by sympathizing friends, darkens the cloud that hides the sunshine from the grange. The heaviest burden is surely Caroline's. The blackest shadow of this great affliction rests on her. Mrs. Seale is silent, subdued, quietly tearful. In her own heart she regards this sorrow as a chastisement, if not a judgment upon her wordly ambition. But three days—and the boy's father is older by ten years. From the shock of his child's death he would have recovered, at least in part, and to outward seeming. "But this suspense!" his daughter overhears him constantly murmuring; "God help me—This terrible suspense!" The third evening, father and daughter wander through the handsome grounds; and in the grove under his favorite tree, they find lying open, as if he had that moment left it at his mother's call, his last new book. Down on its pages, as she marks his place for him, rain his sister's tears,—and his father turns from the sight, moaning rather than saying, "It is worse than if he were dead—*worse* than if he were dead!"

* * * * * * * *

How did they hear the news?

"And to think!" Caroline exclaims, "of the little monkey—the blessed darling doing it all to save your firm from failure, Frank!"

"We will wait till next time before we ask his aid in earnest," Frank replies. "We resume next month—But stay—look here—"

Yes, do "look here" by all means; for this other little boy at the parlor door, who seems to wonder at the handsome rooms, the stately ladies, and fine gentlemen, at Parker's welcome home and even at himself in his new clothes, has been left too long to feel himself a stranger. Who is this?

And Frank, with a comical look as he takes him by the hand, says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me—my—a—a—private secretary—Conny Dougherty."

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & Co., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 725 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES

HUMBUG.—We are sorry, but we really cannot assist you in making your decision. Your case seems to us to be one of those in which

"We are sadly afraid
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid."

HOOSIER.—"Can you tell what is the derivation of the word 'Shanty' as applied to a temporary habitation?" The term is derived from the French word "Chantier," used by the Canadians for a log hut, and from thence it soon found its way into the States.

SOPRANO.—There are a number of means of rendering the voice clear for public singing, but they do not act on all persons alike. A glass of sherry is efficacious with some, others take a raw egg, and the famous singer, Madame Malibran, used to take a glass of porter before going on the stage in the principal scenes.

W. N. D.—We do not place any faith in the stories regarding the "Mad stone," so called. 2. For obvious reasons, we cannot answer this question. 3. We can get you the books you want at the price you mentioned on your remitting us the amount. When you write for them, please repeat the names of the works you wish us to get for you.

T. S. D. (Germantown).—Postal cards were first introduced by Professor Emanuel Herman, of Vienna. They were first used in England, Germany and Switzerland in 1870, in Belgium and Denmark in 1871, and in Norway, Russia and this country in 1872-73. In some European countries, a card is attached on which an answer may be returned.

REPORTER.—It is true that "the British Army and reserved forces amount to half a million of men," but such a statement would be very likely to be discredited and misapprehended, unless some explanation were given showing how such a number is made up. The following are the figures: 100,000 of all ranks in Great Britain, 24,000 in her colonies, 62,850 in India, 22,000 army reserve, 118,000 militia, 12,000 yeomanry, and 161,150 volunteers.

W. H. B.—The meaning of the Latin motto "Flecti, Non Frangi" is "to bend, not to break." This applies specially to the education of youth; we ought to give a good form to the tree, while it is young and flexible; should the opportunity be neglected, it may be broken, not bent. Pope has very happily expressed this idea in the following well-known couplet:

'Tis education forms the tender mind—
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

SAXON (Philadelphia).—The costumes of the Anglo-Saxons at the period you allude to was as follows: Those of rank wore a loose cloak which reached down to the ankles, over that a long robe, fastened over both shoulders, on the middle of the breast, by a clasp or buckle. These cloaks and robes were frequently lined with rich furs, and bordered with gold and embroidery. The soldiers and common people wore close coats, reaching only to the knee, and short cloaks hanging over the left shoulder and buckled on the right. They wore caps that came to a point in front, made generally from the skins of beasts. The hair was worn long and flowing, the beard close shaven, the moustache only being allowed to remain.

SAD HEART. (Philadelphia).—We hardly know what to say in reply to your two letters, that can be of any help to you. It seems so incomprehensible that your husband's feelings toward you should have so entirely changed, and that he should now treat you so unfeelingly, that we cannot help thinking there must be another side to the story, which we should require to hear before we express any opinion on the subject. In any case, it is an exceedingly delicate matter for even the most intimate of personal friends to come between a husband and wife, and infinitely more so for strangers. You have, of course, our deepest sympathy, and we are afraid that is all that we can give you.

A.—The following is the way to make a permanent paste: Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistence of thick cream, being particular to beat up the lumps; stir in as much powdered resin as will lay on a sixpence, and throw in half a dozen cloves to give it a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water in a suitable vessel, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well at the time. In a few minutes it will be of about the consistency of thick gruel. Pour it into an earthern or china vessel: let it cool: lay a cover on and put it in a cool place. When needed for use take out a portion softened with warm water. Paste thus made can be kept twelve months.

ODONTO.—The following is an invaluable wash for the teeth: Dissolve two ounces of powdered borax in three pints of hot water. Before quite cold add one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor, and two tablespoonfuls of tincture of myrrh; bottle and cork tightly. Add one wineglass of this mixture to a tumbler of warm fish water, morning and evening, and apply it with a soft brush or sponge rubber. This solution will preserve and beautify the teeth, arrest incipient decay, and produce a healthy action on the gums, and is the best thing wherewith to rinse the mouth. It is a very easy thing to whiten the teeth by the use of acids or corrosive substances, but these will invariably injure the enamel, and thus produce decay. The following receipt for tooth-powder possesses three essential virtues; giving an odorous breath, preserving the enamel, and cleansing and preserving the gums: Powdered orris root, half an ounce; powdered Peruvian bark, one ounce; prepared chalk, one ounce; powdered charcoal, two ounces; oil of bergamot, or lavender, 20 drops. These ingredients must be reduced to an impalpable powder and thoroughly mixed in a druggist's mortar.

W. F. M. (Trinidad, Colorado).—"We have been having an argument on the subject of fish as an article of diet and its value as compared with meat. I should like to hear your opinion." We are aware that many elaborate comparisons have been made as to the comparative food values of butcher's meat and fish, and occasional controversies have arisen on the subject, in which the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers maintain that fish has no food value worth speaking of. Others say that fish food must occupy a middle position between vegetables and beef or mutton. Again, a learned authority says that fish, well cooked with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, "is chemically the same as butcher's meat, so far as nutrition is concerned." Another writer says that fish as food is only fit for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support the health and vigor of men or women engaged in laborious occupations. As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many persons following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country the fishermen themselves eat a considerable portion, and as a class fishermen are strong and healthy; and the wives, who undertake a part of the men's work, are still stronger and healthier. In Portugal, fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population; their fish diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of flesh meat, yet they are a hardy, vigorous and brave people.

O. A. M. (Coldwater, Ohio).—An "En" in typ-setting is the square of the body of a type. In all piece-work, book and newspaper matter is counted by ems in this country. 2. "An interrogation point included in a parenthesis midway of a sentence" is meant to imply a doubt as to the correctness or reliability of the statement made in the sentence in question. 3. For the convenience of the compositors. 4. It would be impossible to fix any sum at this date.

Q.—A mistake on your part. The only legitimate child of Napoleon I, was the Duc de Reichstadt, who was born in 1811, and died at the age of twenty-one. His adopted children were Prince Eugene Beauharnais, born in 1782, and who married the daughter of the King of Bavaria; Queen Hortense, born in 1783, and married Louis, King of Holland, and brother to Napoleon I.; and the Princess Stephanie de Beauharnais, born in 1789, and married to the Grand Duke of Baden.

STUDENT.—"What is the best way to clean specimens for the microscope?"—If the object is to be mounted whole, the first process is to thoroughly cleanse it. This is done by brushing it with a camel's-hair pencil, or washing it in water or turpentine. If it be a hard and brittle creature, it must be soaked in hot water, and as freshly killed insects contain much fat, a little caustic alkali should be added. When thus softened, the insect, if intended for an opaque object, is to be spread out on a piece of cork, and held in a proper position until dry by means of a small piece of card pinned down to the cork. These pins and cards are called by entomologists "braces." When the specimen has hardened, the braces can be removed, and the object is ready to be fastened by gum or cement to a disc. If the object is to be mounted as a transparent one, as soon as soft it must be laid on a slip of glass, and spread out, and the two bound together by thin twine. In this condition the object must remain until quite dry, when the slips of glass are to be separated. It is now ready for mounting.

DESIDERATUM.—The tiara or triple crown of the Pope is considered symbolical of his temporary, as the keys are of his spiritual authority. It is composed of a high cap of gold cloth, encircled by the three coronets, with a mound and cross of gold on the top. The original papal crown consisted of the cap alone, and was first used by Pope Damasus II, 1048, A. D. The cap was surrounded with a high coronet by Boniface VIII, in 1295. The second coronet was added in 1335 by Benedict XII, and the third by John XXIII, in 1411. 2. We do not understand what you mean by "Old Subscribers not getting any premiums with No. 37." We gave no premiums whatever with No. 37 to anybody; only a very pretty colored picture entitled "What are the Wild Ways Saying?" which was given to everyone who got No. 37, whether they were old subscribers or new ones. We made no distinction whatever. If you did not get one, please send us your address. 3. The family name of Joan of Arc was Dare, and when it was ennobled, it received the name of De Lys.

W. W. R.—"What is the origin of the word 'Easter.' I have asked several persons, and though they all know what the name signifies, none of them can tell whence it originated." We fancy there are very few indeed who do know, or who have any idea that the name of an ancient Anglo-Saxon, or as some say German goddess, should be used to designate the day set apart for the commemoration of the greatest event in the annals of the human race; but so it is. The word "Easter" is another form of the Anglo-Saxon "Eastre," or the old German "Ostara," the name of the Goddess of Spring, in whose honor a festival was annually celebrated in April. The early Saxon converts to Christianity transferred the name of this festival to that of the paschal feast, and from them we have derived it; but the Latin nations, the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Mexicans and the South Americans of Spanish origin, retain the name "paschal" in some modification or other, such as *paques, pascha, pasca* or *pasqua*—from the Latin *paschalis*, which derives its origin from the Hebrew word *pasach*, signifying "to pass over." In all ages of the Christian Church, Easter has been celebrated with rejoicings and imposing ceremonies by the majority of Christians.

E. B.—There is not a particle of truth in the report you mention that "Government has offered $500 for one million of old postage stamps." 2. No language can adequately express the hatred and animosity which seem to have characterized the leaders of both political parties at the time of the duel between Burr and Hamilton. The latter had openly expressed the opinion that Burr "was a dangerous man and one not to be trusted with the reins of Government," and for which Burr demanded "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial." Hamilton wrote a lengthy reply, other correspondence followed and culminated on the 25th of June, by a challenge by Burr, delivered by Mr. Van Ness, and Hamilton unhappily yielded to the barbarous notions of honor too prevalent then and since, and the parties met on the morning of the 11th of July, 1804, at Weehawken, on the Jersey Shore, opposite New York. Burr discharged his pistol the moment the word was given; Hamilton, mortally wounded aimlessly drew the trigger of his pistol and fell heavily on his face. This comprises the immediate facts of this affair, which, with its collateral incidents, constitutes one of the saddest pages of our country's history. 3. The Jumel lawsuit is not yet decided. Madame Jumel, though now over 70 years of age, is still actively prosecuting the suit. 4. We do not think the story you refer to has ever been published in book form; certainly not under the title you mention. 5. The story you wish us to republish we have in book form, and if you want it, we can send it to you on receipt of two dollars.

FRANCIS.—"What is the size of each of the five great International Exhibitions? 2. Also for the information of your correspondent who was inquiring about the 'Dunmow Flitch.' I would like to say that it was won as lately as within the last five years. To the best of my recollection, five couples sent in a claim to it that year, two of whom obtained a Flitch. I had a Dunmow paper sent to me with the full account of the ceremony. One of the fortunate couples was a clergyman and his wife, living near Victoria Park, London." The International Exhibition Building of 1851, in Hyde Park, London, of glass and iron, covered 1,000,000 square feet, or more than twenty acres. Exclusive of a space of 30,712 square feet which was enclosed at the east and west ends. The Paris Exposition of 1855 was a rectangular building with large avenue and panorama rotunda, and the space occupied by the countries, including passage ways and rooms, was 152,052 square metres, or about 1,770,000 English superficial feet. The second Exhibition in London of 1862 had only temporary buildings covering seventeen acres, exclusive of two annexes, estimated at seven acres more—say twenty-four acres in all. The total area 1,291,300 square feet, of which 988,000 square feet were roofed in. The Paris Exhibition of 1867 occupied 190,000 square yards, or 39 acres. In shape it was rectangular, with rounded ends, but with the appearance of a great ellipse. Its entire length was 1,125 yards and its width 515 yards, the circumference nearly one mile. 2. We thank you for the information you have so kindly given us regarding the "Dunmow Flitch."

ELIZA.—Never trifle with the affection of a man who loves you; nor admit of marked attentions from one whose affection you cannot return. Some young ladies pride themselves in the conquests which they make, and would not scruple to sacrifice the happiness of an estimable person to their vanity. But be advised by us and do nothing of the kind. If you see clearly that you have become an object of especial regard to a gentleman, and do not wish to encourage his addresses, treat him honorably and humanely, as you hope to be used with generosity by the person who may engage your heart. Do not let him linger in suspense, but take the earliest opportunity of carefully making known your feelings on the subject. This may be done in a variety of ways. A refined ease of manner will satisfy him, if he has any discernment, that his addresses will not be acceptable. Should your natural disposition render this difficult, show that you wish to avoid his company, and he will presently withdraw; but if even this be difficult, allow an opportunity for explanation to occur. You can then give him a polite and decisive answer; and be assured in whatever manner you convey your sentiments to him, if he be a man of delicacy and right feeling, he will trouble you no further. Let it never be said of you, that you permit the attentions of an honorable man when you have no heart to give him, and that you have trifled with the affections of one whom you perhaps esteem, although you resolve never to marry him. It may be that his preference gratifies and his conversation interests you; that you are flattered by the attentions of a man whom some of your companions admire; and that, in truth, you hardly know your own mind on the subject. This will not excuse you; every young woman ought to know the state of her own heart; and yet the happiness and future prospects of many an excellent man have been too often sacrificed by such unprincipled conduct.

MISCELLANEOUS.—H. S. L.—It is absolutely necessary to have a license, or else you would render yourself liable to arrest. CARLYLE.—Yes, we can send you the paper twelve inches by 14 inches, as much as you like; you had better send on one dollar at first. CHANON.—We will bear your request in mind, but at present it is quite out of the question. LIZZIE.—If you do not fancy the young man who is always "running after you," tell him so plainly, and if he has any self respect, he will discontinue his visits.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*